

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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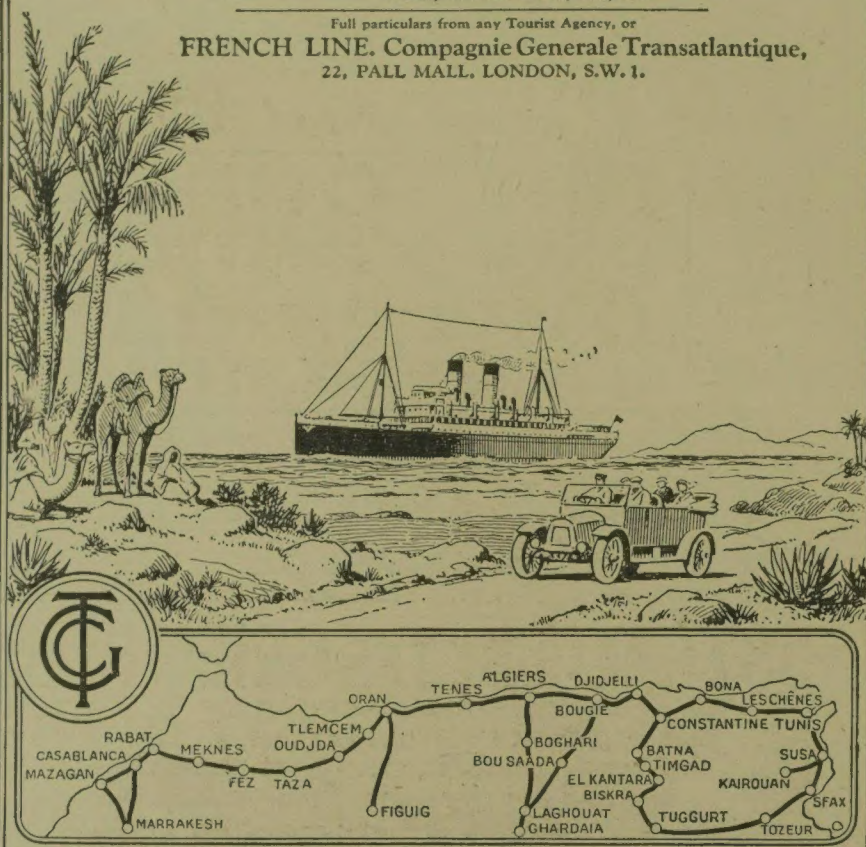
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1923.

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A PIONEER OF THE EMPIRE'S AIR COMMUNICATIONS: THE LATE MR. ALLAN CRAWFORD, LEADER OF THE ILL-FATED WRANGEL ISLAND EXPEDITION.



THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE EXPLORERS MAROONED ON WRANGEL ISLAND: ADA BLACKJACK, THE ESKIMO SEAMSTRESS OF THE EXPEDITION.

In this number we publish a selection of the first photographs to reach this country illustrating the ill-fated expedition to Wrangel Island, off the north-east coast of Siberia, an Arctic adventure that will live as an epic of heroism in the annals of the British Empire. During the Stefansson Arctic Expedition of 1913-18,

British sovereignty over Wrangel Island was declared, under instructions from the Canadian Government. Mr. Stefansson, believing the island to be of future importance as an air station, sent out the expedition under Mr. Allan Crawford, in 1921, to forestall any other country's claim. The sequel is told on later pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT may seem hardly appropriate to the afterglow of Christmas to select King Herod as our favourite figure in the Nativity Play or our special subject of historical contemplation. But I was recently reminded of Herod, and his scientific reforms in the matter of infant mortality and the regulation of the birth-rate, by some very interesting photographs in this journal touching the excavations in Carthage. In the ruins of that great seat of Business Government, so successfully ruled by what we call a committee of the best financial experts, a cemetery was found such as might well have been attached to the private chapel of King Herod: a multitude of tiny skeletons. It so happened that for other reasons I had been re-reading some of the literature about the great Punic Wars; and, by dipping into these ancient things, I began to get glimpses of something highly relevant to much more modern things. In several learned and valuable English books about Rome and Carthage there was a curious tone. That Englishmen of the commercial school should feel some sympathy with the commercial state is perhaps natural. That anybody of any school should feel fascinated by the mere romance of Hannibal and his brilliant raid is more than natural, it is normal and healthy. But I could not define the tone of these histories towards the Romans, until I realised with a start that it is precisely the tone of our newspapers towards the French.

We shall never understand the Latins until we get into our heads that there is a distinction between acts of vengeance and acts of aggression. In other words, when you kill a man, it does make some difference what is your reason for killing him, or whether you kill him for no reason at all. But some strange blend of kindness and patronising vanity in the modern English character seems to make many English writers quite blind to this obvious moral distinction. It may not be right to avenge ourselves on somebody who has done us wrong, if we judge by the highest Christian ideal. But it cannot possibly be so wrong as the wrong itself. The English writers on the Punic Wars, whose books I have just been reading, seem to leave out this consideration altogether. They are always talking about the savagery of the Romans—indeed, they generally prefer to say that the Romans did this or that with characteristic Roman savagery. They seldom speak in the same way of characteristic Carthaginian savagery.

Now, the Carthaginians were a highly civilised and even refined people, whose religion largely consisted of burning alive a large number of children as a sacrifice to Moloch. We can only realise the contrast by imagining a number of City merchants in top-hats and tail-coats going to church every Sunday at eleven o'clock, to a morning service that consisted of roasting live babies. This sort of thing stands on quite a different footing from anything that the historians call savagery. It has nothing to do with the fact that the Romans cut off the head of Hasdrubal or demanded the surrender of Hannibal. What was wrong with Rome may have been a spirit of revenge, and these acts may have been indefensibly vindictive. But what was

wrong with Carthage was not vindictiveness; it was cruelty. It was cruelty absolute and almost abstract; cruelty self-existent and self-begotten. The Punic priests were not revenging themselves on the babies for injuries inflicted on them by those infants. They were torturing babies because they were torturers—because they were that kind of people. The babies had not wasted their land or seduced their allies; the babies had not cut their legions into pieces at Cannæ or turned their allies against them at Capua. The fury that flung the head of a foe into the camp of his own brother might be called savage in the sense of primitive. But Carthage was not furious; Carthage was not primitive. In a word, Carthage was emphatically not savage. Carthage was a complex and wealthy civilisation which happened to be founded on devil-worship. It was the culture of cruelty; the diabolist development of art for art's sake. This is not vengeance; it is nothing so good or Christian

the burglar's house to collect some compensation for the damage. This is a moral philosophy which I respectfully admire; in the savage Roman's sense of the word. But the interesting part of it is in this fact that people actually denounce a thing without understanding their own denunciation. To reproach a man with vengeance is to admit that he has something to avenge. But Prussia had nothing to avenge. Prussia had no more to avenge on the Belgians than Carthage had to avenge on the babies. The Germans did a work of wanton brutality upon a peaceful population that had never done them any sort of harm, that could not do them any sort of harm; a population that was by their own decision and signature set apart as a nation of non-combatants. When that crime was actually committed, we all know what was the recoil and reaction of our common conscience to it. We all know what we thought of it then; I do not think it creditable to our stability of character if

we think any differently of it now. Anyhow, our light and fickle neighbours the Gauls continued to say the same thing after they had crossed the Rhine as they said when they stood at bay upon the Marne; just as their light and fickle kinsmen, the ancient Romans, continued to say the same thing after the victory of Zama as they had said after the defeat of Cannæ. It is a way these wild, unstable peoples have. It has its very real vices in the possibilities of feud and vendetta, as is often noted in the case of the Italians. What is not noted is that this charge against the Italian of being vindictive is quite incompatible with the other charge of being changeable. What nobody seems to notice is that it is absurd to say that a man is so fickle that he has pursued a feud of five generations for fifty years.

We might well say that he is morbid; we might possibly say that he is mad; but it is absurd to say that he is merely mutable and superficial. Now, whether we think a Latin act of retribution a thing as

great and just as the fall of Carthage, or a thing as small and spiteful as a stiletto stuck in a corpse in the corner of an Italian town, it remains equally true that it must be judged as an act of retribution and cannot be the same as an act of aggression. The English seem to have wholly forgotten one of the truest epigrams of one of the greatest Englishmen. Revenge is a sort of wild justice; and it can never be the same as a wild injustice. It can never be the same as a wanton and anarchical breach of the peace by barbarians or criminals, who initiate evil and begin the dance of death.

To all our sane moralists this would have seemed a mere moral truism. Unfortunately, we do not seem to have many sane moralists left. If the French had done to Berlin what the Romans did to Carthage; if they had burned it to the ground and left not a trace of it upon the plain; still the act would not have been within a thousand miles of a thing like the first step of a German soldier across the frontier of Flanders. Whether we choose to understand this or not, all the Latins understand it. And even if we find it easier to forgive our enemies than to forgive our friends, it is well to understand both of them.



A FALLEN KING OF THE ARCTIC ICE: ONE OF THE POLAR BEARS SHOT BY THE ILL-FATED EXPLORERS ON WRANGEL ISLAND.

The tragic story of the Wrangel Island expedition is told, with many illustrations from photographs, on other pages in this number. It is said that more than one Polar bear ventured to approach the tents of the explorers (who were marooned on the island for two winters), and paid the same penalty as the one shown here.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

as vengeance. This is not even hatred, for it has nothing to hate. Hatred is human; to hate a general who has wasted your country is human; even to hate a general who has defeated your armies is human. But Carthage was inhuman; and inhumanity is something far beyond savagery, and even beyond cruelty.

And it is odd to observe exactly the same strange blindness about our present judgment of the Latins, and especially of the French. I am not here discussing whether the French are right; in a sense the argument assumes the current or vulgar view that they are wrong. Those who say they are wrong say they are vindictive; the odd thing is the failure to fix the relative evil of vindictiveness. The extraordinary fact is that some people really say that the French are no better than the Germans. In other words, they do really say that it is as bad to avenge wrongs as to inflict wrongs. Somebody said a little while ago that there was not much to choose between the invasion of the Ruhr and the invasion of Belgium. In other words, there is not much to choose between a burglar who breaks his own promise, by breaking into his friend's house, and a broker who is put into



# PIONEERS OF AN ARCTIC AIR ROUTE: WRANGEL ISLAND HEROES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



ONE OF THE THREE WHO PERISHED IN AN EFFORT TO REACH THE MAINLAND: MILTON GALLE, OF TEXAS.



"LION-HEARTED, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY . . . THE REAL LEADER": LORNE KNIGHT, OF OREGON, WHO DIED ON WRANGEL ISLAND.



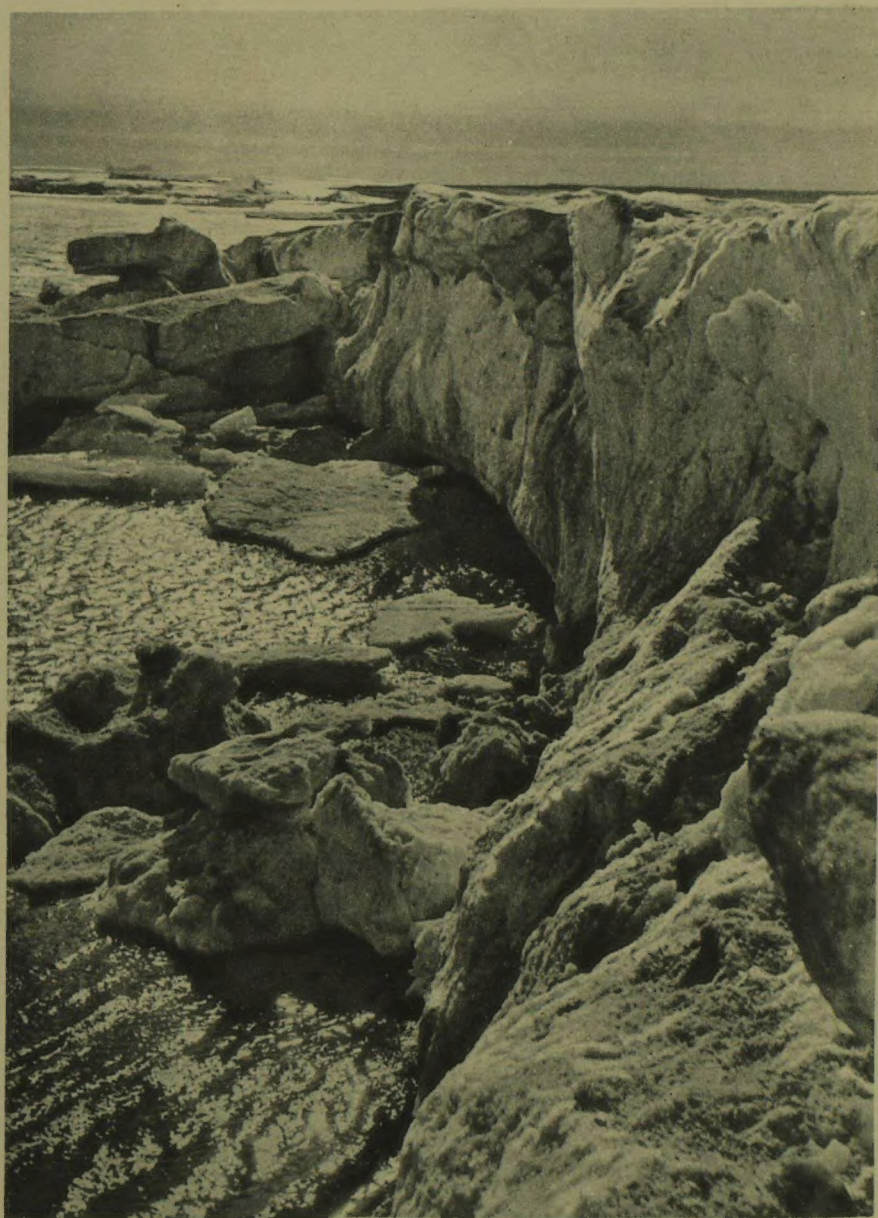
LOST, WITH GALLE AND CRAWFORD, IN THE EFFORT TO REACH SIBERIA LAST JANUARY: FREDERICK MAURER.



WHERE "WE MAY ONE DAY SEE . . . AN ARCTIC AERODROME": WRANGEL ISLAND, WHICH THE EXPLORERS HELD IN THE KING'S NAME.



WHERE THE RELIEF-SHIP ZIGZAGGED THROUGH "WHITE STRETCHES OF ICE": WRANGEL ISLAND AS IT LOOKED FROM THE "DONALDSON."



THE ICE-BOUND SHORES OF WRANGEL ISLAND: A TYPICAL PART OF THE BLEAK COAST FROM WHICH THE MAROONED EXPLORERS WATCHED IN VAIN FOR SHIPS.

Wrangel Island, whose bleak and inhospitable shores are seen in these photographs, may one day be an important air station on the route between East and West, and the purpose of the lost explorers was to hold it in the King's name. The commander of the relief party, Mr. Harold Noice (writing in the "Daily News") says: "It was on August 20, 1923, that our expedition drew near Doubtful Harbour, Wrangel, on the 74-ton motor schooner 'Donaldson.' I had been at the masthead searching the white stretches of ice for the zigzag streaks of blue that are the navigator's only means of penetrating the great floes." As told elsewhere, only one survivor—an Eskimo woman—was there to greet the rescuers:

all the rest had perished. "After a preliminary failure to reach Siberia," writes Mr. Noice, "Crawford, Galle and Maurer made their fatal dash for the mainland on January 28, 1923, with five dogs and one sledge." Recalling their life on the island he says: "In November (1921) according to Stefansson's orders, the party separated, Crawford and Maurer establishing a trapping camp ten miles east. Knight and Galle remained at the base, and in the course of time Galle, the youngest and least experienced of the party, turned out to be the best trapper." Mr. Noice ascribes their disaster to inexperience and lack of sufficient food supplies, walrus-hunting equipment, and Eskimo hunters.



# "WHAT IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND? YE HAVE BUT MY BERGS TO DARE!" THE EPIC OF WRANGEL ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED

BY TOPICAL.



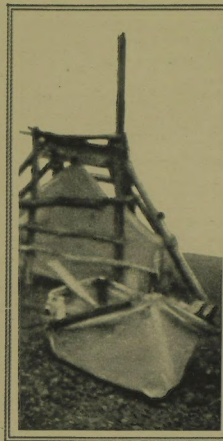
ALONE ON WRANGEL ISLAND FOR TWO MONTHS AFTER THE REST HAD PERISHED: ADA BLACKJACK.



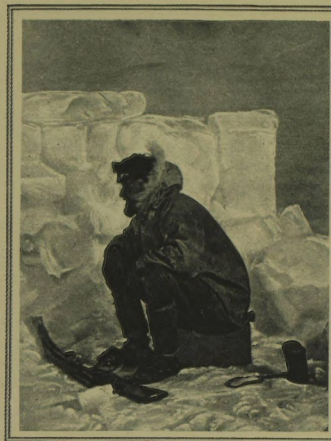
WHERE THE MAROONED EXPLORERS PASSED TWO LONELY WINTERS IN A LAND OF ICE-BOUND DESOLATION: THE CANVAS TENTS AT THE CAMP ON WRANGEL ISLAND.



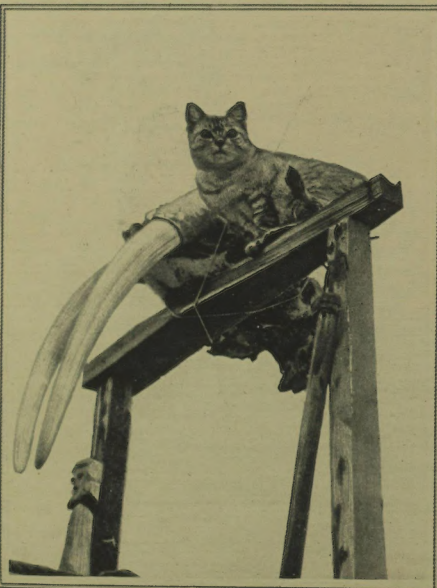
"HER GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT WAS TO LEARN HOW TO HANDLE KNIGHT'S RIFLE": ADA BLACKJACK, THE ESKIMO SEAMSTRESS, PRACTISING AT HER TARGET.



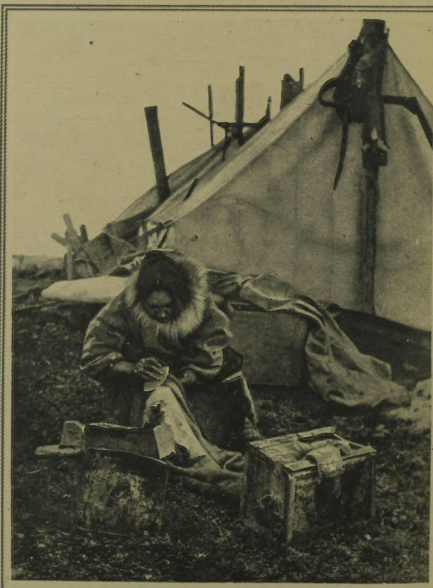
BUILT BY ADA BLACKJACK: A SMALL CANVAS BOAT, CRUDE BUT SEAWORTHY.



THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, LOST IN AN ATTEMPT TO REACH SIBERIA: ALLAN CRAWFORD, WATCHING FOR SEALS ON WRANGEL ISLAND.



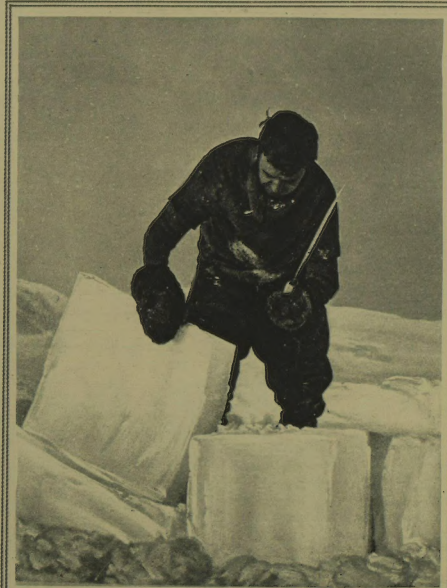
CURIOUS ABOUT A PAIR OF WALRUS TUSKS: ADA BLACKJACK'S CAT, "VIC," WHICH SURVIVED WITH HER ON WRANGEL ISLAND AND GREETED THE RELIEF PARTY.



"A HARDY LITTLE CREATURE OF 23 . . . WHO TOOK UP THE TASKS OF THE CAMP WHICH THE WHITE MEN HAD DROPPED": ADA BLACKJACK PREPARING BOOT SOLES.



SEARCHING THE SEAS FOR THE SHIP THAT NEVER CAME TO RESCUE THE PARTY FROM A SECOND WINTER ON WRANGEL ISLAND: LORNE KNIGHT.



BUILDING A SNOW HUT (OF THE TYPE SHOWN IN THE FIFTH PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TOP ROW): ONE OF THE ILL-FATED EXPLORERS AT WORK ON WRANGEL ISLAND.

The full details and significance of the ill-fated expedition under Mr. Allan Crawford, sent to Wrangel Island two years ago by Mr. V. Stefansson, the British-Canadian explorer, have lately been revealed to the public in the narrative of Mr. Harold Noice (leader of the relief party) published recently in the "Daily News." As mentioned elsewhere, the explorers, who had been marooned on the island for two winters, perished, except the Eskimo woman, Ada Blackjack. "The purpose of the 1921 expedition," writes Mr. Noice, "was to occupy Wrangel in the name of King George. The purpose was achieved, for I found the lost leader's proclamation. . . . The decision to send Crawford, Maurer and Galle on the second attempt to reach Siberia (last January) was made hurriedly over the camp fire. Knight and the seamstress were left behind." Ada Blackjack, "a hardy little creature of twenty-three years" (Mr. Noice writes of her) "married and divorced, and with one or two children whom she had left at Nome, took up the tasks of the camp. Brought up at Nome, she had learned to read and

write . . . she chopped the wood, cut the ice and melted it, went out alone through the storms and blizzards, visited the traps, and brought home the foxes. Her greatest achievement was to learn how to handle Knight's rifle." Summing up, Mr. Noice says: "Twelve Eskimos and one white man are now established on Wrangel Island, and a recolonisation scheme, inspired by Stefansson's vision of a northward-moving civilization, has been taken in hand. The future of Wrangel Island concerns Great Britain, Canada, and Japan. It has been mentioned as a possible aviation station, as a stepping-stone on the shortest route between the East and the West. On the lonely shores where the Eskimo seamstress wandered on her food-hunting expeditions, we may one day see the beginnings of an Arctic aerodrome, and great dirigibles crossing the ice-deserts, and searchlights sweeping the heavens." The story recalls Kipling's lines in "The English Flag": "What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare; Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"



## PATHETIC WRANGEL RELICS: A DEAD EXPLORER'S DIARY AND "BETS."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

a side show freak.

March 22

The woman got no foxes today, but last three traps that were fastened on one animal. Have been on my back for over a month and I am getting tired of it. Would like to get out.

March 23

No luck at the traps. Caught myself whistling this A. M. Not that I don't want to whistle, God knows. However this is in sports only for I am as weak as a cat. A strong breeze from the East drifting a little. Just drank a quart of fox corpus. Wish we could get a bear. This fox meat does not lie very easy on my stomach. The little red spots have nearly all left my arm, but, are

"CAUGHT MYSELF WHISTLING THIS A.M.—NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO WHISTLE, GOD KNOWS": THE LAST ENTRY IN THE DIARY OF LORNE KNIGHT, THE BRAVE AMERICAN WHO DIED ON WRANGEL ISLAND, CHARGING THE ESKIMO WOMAN, WHO SURVIVED HIM, TO CONTINUE THE RECORD.

I bet Moore \$10 that the S.S. "Roosevelt" was at Cape Columbia on one of her trips.

I bet Crawford \$10 that at this point telegraph news we get that exchange between the States and Canada will be over 3%.

I bet Galle \$5 that the theatre "Coliseum" in Seattle holds more than 1500 people.

I bet Galle that on March 21 the Sun is visible for an equal number of hours and minutes at both this place and on the Equator.

I bet Crawford \$10 that exchange between Canada the States on August 26, 1922 was 5% or over.

I bet Galle that the President of the U.S. gets a salary of \$50000 a year and \$25000 a year for expenses. I think I am wrong.

I bet Galle that the price of gasoline in Seattle on Oct. 16-1922 was not lower than 24 cents.

Another bet of \$10 with Galle about the 5 cent rate of coffee on the Southern Pacific R.R.

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1 card and 1 dog

MEMBERS

HOW THE MAROONED EXPLORERS WHILED AWAY THE TIME DURING MANY WEARY MONTHS: A LIST OF BETS FOUND AMONG LORNE KNIGHT'S PAPERS, SHOWING HOW THEIR THOUGHTS TURNED TO THEIR HOME LANDS.

DECORATED WITH EMBLEMS OF FRATERNAL SOCIETIES AT HIS HOME TOWN, McMinnville, Oregon: THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE EXPEDITION'S LOG-BOOK KEPT BY LORNE KNIGHT.

Pathetic records were found at the camp on Wrangel Island when the Relief Expedition under Mr. Harold Noice arrived there on August 20 last, only to find that the Eskimo woman, Ada Blackjack, was the sole survivor of the expedition. Mr. E. Lorne Knight, an American, who was ill with scurvy, remained with her on the island when the others (named in the log shown above) left on a forlorn hope to get help from Siberia. They were never seen again, and are believed to have perished by falling through thin ice. Mr. Noice writes: "Lorne Knight, the lion-hearted, happy-go-lucky fellow who, although he was second-in-

command of the 1921 expedition, was the real leader of the party, died from scurvy on June 22, 1923. The last entry in his diary (shown above in facsimile) was dated three months before the end. The Eskimo seamstress nursed him till he passed away in his sleeping-bag in the tent. . . . In the weary hours of exile, the marooned explorers amused themselves by making bets on all manner of topics, and among the papers in the trunks I discovered a list of bets which Knight had made with the other members of the party." This is the list reproduced above in facsimile, in the left-hand lower illustration.



# FRENCH MOTHERHOOD SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF AN ENGLISH ARTIST.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND DRYPOINTS BY W. LEE-HANKEY. BY COURTESY OF THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES, 1A, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.



"MARIE JEANNE."



"THE KISS."



"DAWNING INTELLIGENCE."



"NINETTE."

Mr. W. Lee-Hankey's Exhibition of Original Sketches and Drypoints, of which some examples were given in our last issue, has attracted many art-lovers to the Lefèvre Galleries. It is the sixth one-man exhibition which he has held in London. "The drawings now shown (to quote the preface to the catalogue) represent a phase of Mr. Lee-Hankey's art with which the public is unfamiliar; they are free and spontaneous drawings from nature, either among the fisher-folk of Etaples, or in the open air." It was after visiting Etaples in 1904, we are told, that he decided to make his home in France, and he has a studio there constructed of two fishermen's cottages. Recently he has also built a house at

Le Touquet. He has had abundant opportunities, therefore, of studying 'types of French character in the coast villages of Normandy and the Pas de Calais, during a period of nearly twenty years, and his drawings show that he has fully entered into the spirit of the people. In particular, he is never tired of portraying the theme of maternal love, as in the charming examples here reproduced, but so sincere is his art that the subject never becomes monotonous in his hands. As one critic puts it, "The quality that endears Mr. W. Lee-Hankey's etchings and drypoints to connoisseurs and collectors is his human sympathy. . . . He has a thorough grasp of the etcher's craft, and a feeling for rhythmic design."



# The Mark of Cain: Protecting "Mr. Smith."

"FOLK-LORE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT." By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER.\*

AND the Lord appointed a sign for Cain, lest any finding him should smite him." What was the mark God set upon the first murderer and what its meaning? That it was protective is obvious: "And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold."

On the analogy of familiar customs, the probability is that it was designed so to disguise the fratricide from the wrathful wraith of the brother whose blood cried from the ground that it would know him not and would pass him by. "This explanation," writes Sir James Frazer, "has the advantage of relieving the Biblical narrative from a manifest absurdity. For on the usual interpretation God affixed the mark to Cain in order to save him from human assailants, apparently forgetting that there was nobody to assail him, since the earth was as yet inhabited only by the murderer himself and his parents. Hence by assuming that the foe of whom the first murderer went in fear was a ghost instead of a living man, we avoid the irreverence of imputing to the deity a grave lapse of memory little in keeping with the divine omniscience. Here again, therefore, the comparative method approves itself a powerful *advocatus Dei*."

There are, of course, other theories. One is that the mark was tribal, "a badge which every member of the tribe wore on his person, and which served to protect him by indicating that he belonged to a community that would avenge his murder." This explanation, Sir James points out, is too general. "Every member of a tribe was equally protected by such a mark, whether he was a man-slayer or not."

Another argues in favour of its being an indication of forced seclusion—the murderer to be avoided as a danger to his fellows as well as to himself. Many who have killed have suffered perpetual or temporary quarantine. "It is intelligible that a homicide should be shunned and banished the country, to which his presence is a continual menace. He is plague-stricken, surrounded by a poisonous atmosphere, infected by a contagion of death; his very touch may blight the earth." A rule of Attic law had it that "a homicide who had been banished, and against whom in his absence a second charge had been brought, was allowed to return to Attica to plead in his defence; but he might not set foot on the land, he had to speak from a ship, and even the ship might not cast anchor or put out a gangway. The judges avoided all contact with the culprit, for they judged the case sitting or standing on the shore. . . . If such a man, sailing the sea, had the misfortune to be cast away on the country where his crime had been perpetrated, he was allowed indeed to camp on the shore till a ship came to take him off, but he was expected to keep his feet in seawater all the time, evidently in order to counteract, or at least dilute, the poison which he was supposed to instil into the soil."

Kindred quarantine is compulsory still. The savages of Dobu, off New Guinea, penalise anyone who kills a relation by marriage, making him *tabu*, and with him anyone killing a blood-relation; but the separation is less a punishment than a means of saving the murderer, for "the blood of the slain man is supposed to act as a physical poison on the slayer,

should he venture to set foot in, or even to hold indirect communication with, the village of his victim."

"Similarly among the Moors of Morocco a man-slayer is considered in some degree unclean for the rest of his life. Poison oozes out from underneath his nails; hence anybody who drinks the water in which he has washed his hands will fall dangerously ill. The meat of an animal which he has killed is bad to eat, and so is any food which he has partaken of in his company. If he comes to a place where people are digging a well, the water will at once run away." And so on; to suggest that "a mark put on a homicide might be intended primarily, not for his protection, but for the protection of the persons who met him, lest by contact with his pollution they should defile themselves and incur the wrath of the god whom he had offended, or of the ghost by whom he was haunted; in short, the mark might be a danger-signal to warn people off, like the special garb prescribed in Israel for lepers."

Further, there is the argument that the sign was

in cash, or whatever may be the local equivalent for cash, for the deed he had done, and that the ghost therefore had no further claim upon him."

But, as has been said, disguise is the most probable solution of the problem. As Sir James has it: "We may suppose that, when Cain had been marked by God, he was quite easy in his mind, believing that the ghost of his murdered brother would no longer recognise and trouble him. What the mark exactly was which the divinity affixed to the first murderer for his protection we have no means of knowing; at most we can hazard a conjecture on the subject. If it is allowable to judge from the similar practices of savages at the present day, he may have decorated Cain with red, black, or white paint, or perhaps with a tasteful combination of these colours. For example, he may have painted him red all over, like a Fijian; or white all over, like a Ngoni; or black all over, like an Arunta; or one half of his body red and the other half white, like the Masai and the Nandi. Or if he confined his artistic efforts

to Cain's countenance, he may have painted a red circle round his right eye and a black circle round his left eye, in the Wagogo style; or he may have embellished his face from the nose to the chin, and from the mouth to the ears, with a delicate shade of vermilion, after the manner of the Tinnah Indians. Or he may have plastered his head with mud, like the Pimas, or his whole body with cow's-dung, like the Kavirondo. Or, again, he may have tattooed him from the nose to the ears, like the Eskimo, or between the eyebrows, like the Thonga, so as to raise pimples and give him the appearance of a frowning buffalo. Thus adorned, the first Mr. Smith—for Cain means Smith—may have paraded the waste places of the earth without the least fear of being recognised and molested by his victim's ghost."

Thus Sir James George Frazer, world-famous for "The Golden Bough," in a single chapter of his equally erudite, equally enthralling "Folk-lore in the Old Testament," as now published in an abridged version. His other chapters are at least as significant; and they are divided under the headings: "The Early Ages of the World"

—from the creation of man to the Tower of Babel; "The Patriarchal Age"—from the covenant of Abraham to Joseph's cup; "The Times of the Judges and the Kings"—from Moses in the Ark of bulrushes to the silent widow; "The Law"—from the place of the Law in Jewish history to the golden bells. The whole is, indeed, warmly to be welcomed as a splendid contribution to those modern researches into the early history of man which, conducted on different lines, "have converged with almost irresistible force on the conclusion, that all civilised races have at some period or other emerged from a state of savagery resembling more or less closely the state in which many backward races have continued to the present time; and that, long after the majority of men in a community have ceased to think and act like savages, not a few traces of the old ruder modes of life and thought survive in the habits and institutions of the people." In a word, Sir James, in addressing himself to "the illustration and explanations of a few such relics of ruder times, as they are preserved like fossils in the Old Testament," has earned new thanks, and should win many a convert to the study of folk-lore.

E. H. G.



TUSITALA, TELLER OF TALES, IN HIS SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOME: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS WIFE ENTERTAINING A BRITISH WAR-SHIP'S BAND AND SAMOANS AT VAILIMA.

This memento of Stevenson's Vailima days is particularly interesting just now in view of the new Tusitala Edition of his works, published by Messrs. Heinemann in association with other firms. Tusitala (Teller of Tales) was the name given to R. L. S. by the natives of Samoa. We are indebted for the photograph to Captain R. W. Campbell, author of "A Policeman from Eton," who recently stayed in Stevenson's old home at Vailima, now Government House, and occupied by Major-General Richardson.

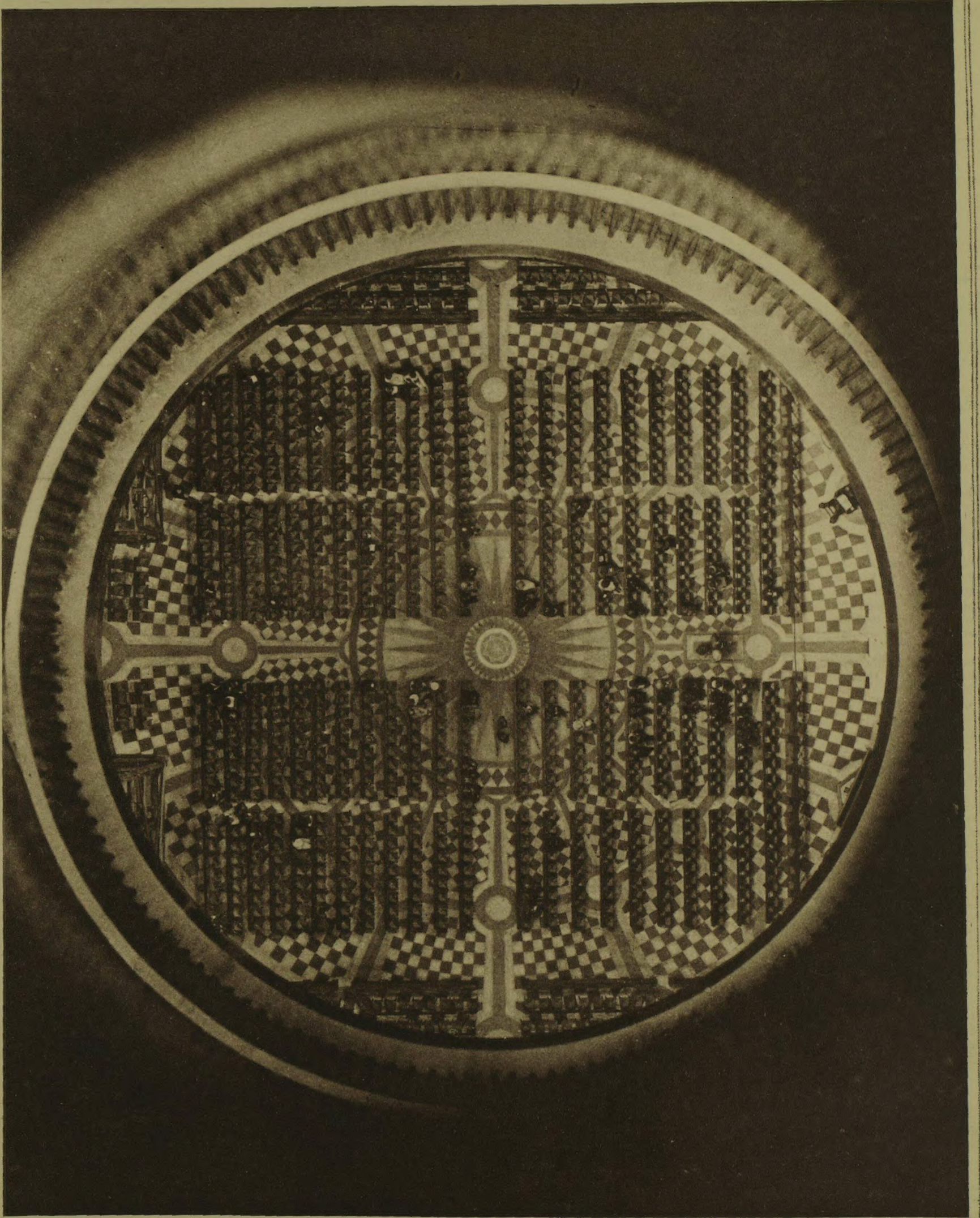
to show that its bearer had bought himself free of the taint. "Among the Yabim, on the North-Eastern coast of New Guinea, when the kinsmen of a murdered man have accepted a blood-wit instead of avenging his death, they take care to be marked with chalk on the forehead by the relatives of the murderer, lest the ghost should trouble them for failing to avenge his death, and should carry off their pigs or loosen their teeth. In this custom it is not the murderer but the kinsmen of his victim who are marked, but the principle is the same." The ghost of the murdered man naturally turns in fury on his heartless relatives who have not exacted blood for his blood. But just as he is about to swoop down on them to loosen their teeth, or steal their pigs, or make himself unpleasant in other ways, he is brought up short by the white mark on their black or coffee-coloured brows. It is the receipt for the payment in full of the blood-wit; it is the proof that his kinsfolk have exacted a pecuniary, though not a sanguinary, compensation for his murder; with this crumb of consolation he is bound to be satisfied, and to spare his family any molestation in future. The same mark might obviously be put for the same purpose on the murderer's brows to prove that he had paid

\* "Folk-lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law." By Sir James George Frazer, F.R.S., F.B.A. Abridged Edition. (Macmillan and Co.; 18s. net.)



## A REMARKABLE VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S: THE FLOOR FROM THE DOME.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.



AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE DOME AT A HEIGHT OF 300 FT.: THE FLOOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL DURING AFTERNOON SERVICE, SHOWING THE CENTRE RING ABOVE NELSON'S TOMB, AND THE WHISPERING GALLERY (THE OUTER CIRCLE).

This remarkable photograph, taken from the very top of the dome of St. Paul's, shows the floor of the cathedral 300 ft. below, with a congregation gathered for afternoon service. They are shown seated and facing towards the right (eastward) in the direction of the altar. The photograph brings out very clearly the design of the pavement, with the central sun disc over Nelson's tomb, and the radiating lines with chessboard pattern between. It is on record that, while supervising the construction of the cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect,

was drawn up in a basket from the centre of the floor to the point occupied by the photographer in taking this view. The question of the future stability of the dome is being investigated by a committee of experts under the chairmanship of Sir Aston Webb, and experiments have been made to test the best methods of strengthening the piers. Canon Alexander, the Treasurer of St. Paul's, who has raised £120,000 for its preservation, recently stated that during the last twelve months the Dean and Chapter had spent between £6000 and £7000 on the work.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### DO BIRDS SPREAD FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE?

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has sent a cold shiver down the backs of all bird-lovers, by suggesting that the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, which is just now sweeping over the country, leaving death in its wake, is due to birds. The evidence submitted to us, however, is purely circumstantial, so much so that it amounts to no more than a vague suggestion that the offending species may be starlings, rooks, crows, larks, wood-pigeons, or gulls. Vast numbers of the first four, we know, come to us from the Continent, during the autumn migration, to spend the winter here, returning in the spring to their breeding quarters. And they come, we are told, from Germany, Holland, and Belgium, countries where this fell disease is far more common than with us. "As is well known," the indictment runs, "the invasions of this country occur during the waves of prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease on the Continent of Europe." But we are not definitely told that one of such "waves" is just now sweeping over the Continent.

Most of us, probably, will regard the publication of this Report as premature, if not unfortunate. It is announced as if a discovery had been made. Yet there is not a scrap of evidence worthy of the name to support the charge which has been made. Speculations and surmises, mere "guesses at truth," are presented as though they were facts. Some one or other, if not all the species upon which the odium of this outbreak is thrust, we are asked to believe, serve as carriers of infected matter from diseased animals on their feet or feathers, or by the discharge of the germs of the disease in their faeces. Thus introduced from abroad, gulls are supposed to aid in its further distribution by the same means. The authors admit they have no positive evidence, but state that the object of their enquiry "was to see whether the question could not be definitely settled by proving a negative—that is to say, by finding the circumstances of invasion so out of accord with those of bird movements that the theory could not be entertained." But such "evidence" as this serves no useful purpose. The suspicions aroused by the movements of these migrants, indeed, demanded investigation, for the matter is one of grave national importance. Such outbreaks are at present shrouded in mystery, and no stone must be left unturned in the endeavour to discover the mode of entry which this scourge affects.

There are two significant statements in this Report. The first is that during the last twenty-two years more than sixty-five per cent. of "initial outbreaks"—as distinct from outbreaks of ramification—have occurred during the last four months of the year, the time during which the suspect birds are assumed to be coming in. But there is little or no immigration during September or December. More than this, the month of July is apparently as fatal as any of the autumn months, and there is no evidence that immigrants arrive on our shores during July.

The second point concerns the very important observation that the outbreaks on the coast, unlike those further inland, occur, for the most part, near towns of some size. Out of ten outbreaks on the coast in Kent, two are near Rye, two near Folkestone, one near Hastings, one near Deal, and one near Margate. "The most likely explanation," we are told, "is that these outbreaks have been caused by gulls, which are attracted to places where fishing goes on by the offal that is thrown out." But this implies that these gulls have but just arrived from an infected area on the Continent. We have no evidence to show that gulls are in the habit of making such journeys. Pastures near the sea, we know, may form resting-places for gulls; at times they may contain infected cattle; but we may not jump from this postulate to the conclusion that we may safely regard the gull as a carrier. Starlings are even more addicted to the haunts of cattle; but we may not, even

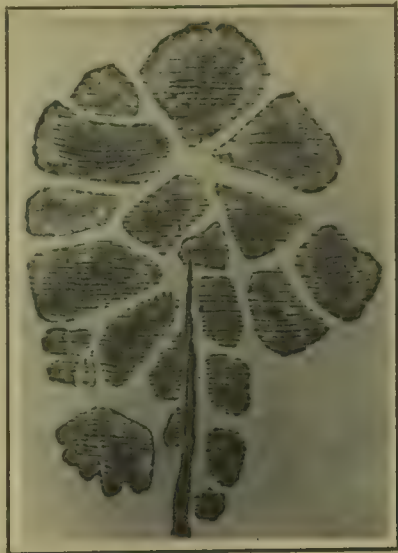
here, impeach the starling without some evidence, at least.

All who have any practical acquaintance with field-ornithology know well that birds can, and undoubtedly do, act as carriers of seeds of various kinds, embedded in little cakes of earth adhering to the feet. Darwin pointed this out long ago. "In one case," he says, "I removed sixty-one grains, and in another, twenty-two grains, of dry argillaceous earth, from the foot of a partridge." But he does not appear to have made any test to discover whether this earth contained seeds. He quotes, however, another case of the leg of a woodcock, from which he took a little cake of dry earth attached to the shank, weighing only nine grains, but in this he found the seed of toad-rush, which germinated and flowered. Again, "Professor Newton," he says, "sent me the leg of a red-legged partridge, which had been wounded and could not fly, with a ball of hard earth adhering to it, and weighing six-and-a-half ounces. The earth had been kept for three years, but when broken, watered, and placed under a bell-glass, no less than eighty-two plants sprang from it: these consisted of 12 monocotyledons, including the common oat, and at least one kind of grass, and of 70 dicotyledons, which consisted, judging from the young leaves, of at least three distinct species."

But how far will these two cases of actual experiment take us in the present connection? The partridge's leg was that of a wounded bird, which could not fly. How many tens of thousands of partridges would have to be examined to find a parallel? In place of working out migration statistics, and basing assumptions thereon, the Ministry of Agriculture might start one very valuable piece of research, for the purpose of discovering to what extent birds actually act as carriers of soil, and what that soil contains. Two trained investigators would be needed—a botanist and a bacteriologist. They should attend the nearest big pheasant shoot, and carefully wash the feet of every bird killed, making "cultivations" from the washings. They might easily, in course of a few hours, take samples from somewhere round about two thousand feet. It would be interesting to discover the number of plants, soil-protzoa, and soil

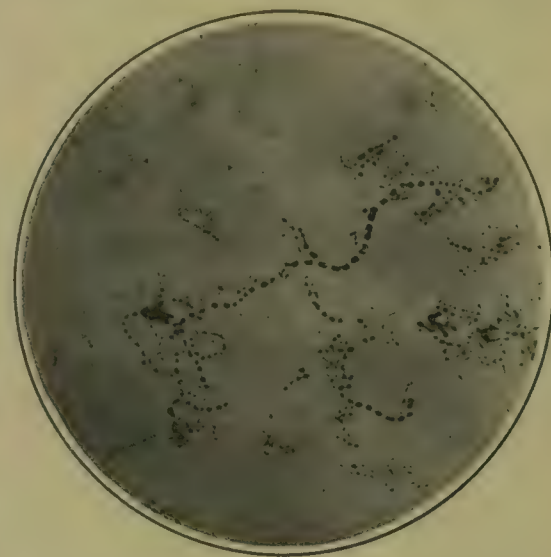
bacteria, thus obtained. The present circumstances would easily justify the slaughter of a couple of hundred starlings, for the same purpose.

Though much has been written lately in the daily Press about foot-and-mouth disease, nothing seems to have been said about the organism which causes the disease, directly or indirectly. Nor is there anything said, as to this, in the article issued in the November number of the "Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture," which is concerned solely with "Bird Migration and the Introduction of Foot-and-Mouth Disease." I cannot, at the moment, lay my hands on the very latest research work on the micro-organism which communicates this fell disease, but I shall not be far wrong in describing it as a "streptococcus." Streptococci are associated with a number of diseases, scarlet-fever, pneumonia and diphtheria among them; though in each case the microbe behaves differently in regard to their habit of growth, as well as in the symptoms produced.



THE MICROBE THAT CAUSES THE CATTLE PLAGUE: THE STREPTOCOCCUS OF FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE, WHICH IN ARTIFICIAL "CULTURES" ASSUMES THE FORM OF MASSED "COLONIES."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.



AS FOUND ALSO IN SOME CULTURES OF FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE: A TYPICAL CHAIN-FORMATION OF MICROBES—IN THIS CASE THE STREPTOCOCCUS OF SCARLET FEVER.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

Moreover, the intimately associated masses they assume, known as "colonies," take different forms when cultivated in different media. The streptococcus of foot-and-mouth disease resembles that which produces erysipelas, though on gelatine (one of the media used in its artificial cultivation) its colonies are markedly transparent, and it grows much slower than the streptococcus of erysipelas. In some cultures of foot-and-mouth disease what is known as "chain-coccus" has been described; but the virulence of the disease does not seem to be governed by the precise behaviour in this particular. In the accompanying illustration the streptococcus of scarlet-fever is shown, since here the microbes do not form closely-knit masses, but display, clearly, the typical chain formation.

It would pay the country to make a handsome endowment for the purpose of research towards a remedy. It would cost very much less than one-and-a-half million pounds! What is the "viability" of these pestilent germs? Can they be dried and blown about by the wind; or is this only possible in the spore stage? Are they carried from place to place on the mud adhering to the boots of men tramping about on infected farms? How are these microbes conveyed to and by clothes? How are they conveyed on straw?

Some have ventured to question the wisdom of the policy of slaughter, which the Ministry of Agriculture has so vigorously pursued; urging that the majority of the stricken animals would have recovered if they had been isolated and kept under cover. This may be so, but the suggestion does not seem to be borne out by the mortality which follows this policy of *laissez faire* on the Continent. The losses in France due to deaths and depreciation of stocks, in a recent year, are put at £5,000,000; and in Holland the annual loss is said to be £2,000,000. So far, it is estimated, we have not lost more than 0.5 per cent. of our cattle, or 0.1 per cent. of our sheep. Among pigs, the loss is estimated at 0.5 per cent. So far, somewhere round about 70,000 cattle, sheep and pigs have been slaughtered in the efforts to stamp out this mysterious invasion. The difficulties which confront those upon whom devolves the task of putting an end to these ravages are great indeed.



PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE THAT MAY BE ADOPTED AT THE "ZOO" FARM. WORKERS DISINFECTING THEIR BOOTS ON REACHING THE FARM.

As Mr. Pycraft suggests on this page, it is still a question whether the germs of Foot-and-Mouth Disease are carried on boots and clothes. At the "Zoo," where many valuable animals might be infected, similar precautions have been taken. Horses and carts entering the Gardens have to pass over peat litter impregnated with carbolic, and visitors on foot may be asked to disinfect their boots, should the disease spread near London.

Photograph by I.B.



## A FOWLER'S PARADISE: AFRICAN WILD GEESE; AND NATIVE DECOYS.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE WANDERINGS OF AN ELEPHANT HUNTER," BY W. D. M. BELL, BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, "COUNTRY LIFE," LTD., GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., AND CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS (NEW YORK).

THE sporting interest of Mr. W. D. M. Bell's "Wanderings of an Elephant Hunter" is by no means confined to elephants. He has much to tell also of other kinds of big game, including lions, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, crocodiles, and buffalo, not to mention wild-fowl. It is a book that will delight the heart of every sportsman, for it is written in easy conversational style, and is full of exciting experiences, racy anecdote, and practical advice. Incidentally, the author has much that is of interest to tell about the natives and their ways. The photographs here reproduced occur in the chapter describing the ascent of the river Bahr Aouck, which was "practically unknown and quite unexplored."

[Continued in Box 2.]



NATIVE DECOYS FOR GEESE ON THE SHARI RIVER: BUNDLES OF GRASS, WITH THE ENDS WHITEWASHED, STUCK ON STICKS.



"VERY NUMEROUS, BUT TOUGH AND STRONG IN THE POT" LIKE THE EGYPTIAN GOOSE: SPUR-WINGED GEESE ON THE SHARI RIVER.



THE SKY BLACK WITH WILD-FOWL: AN IMMENSE FLOCK OF BIRDS, LIKE A DARK CLOUD, FLYING ABOVE AN AFRICAN RIVER.

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Mr. Bell writes: "Throughout this expedition, W. and I lived for the most part on what we shot and on what we could buy from the natives. Almost everywhere we got whistling teal with great ease. One shot from W.'s 12-bore would usually provide enough for all hands. He seldom picked up less than five or six, and once we gathered twenty-nine from a single discharge. They were tender and fat enough to cook in their own juice, and their flavour was exquisite. They were literally in tens of thousands in some places. There were many other fowl in thousands also, but none were so good to eat as the whistlers, except the tiny and beautiful 'butter-ball'."

[Continued below.]

[Continued.]

teal. These were rather rare. The spur-winged goose and the Egyptian goose were also very numerous, but tough and strong in the pot. Guinea-fowl were very common, and the young ones were delicious, while the old ones made capital soup. . . . Besides all the fowl there were fish in abundance. . . . For many days we saw no sign of elephant. Kob and waterbuck were fairly numerous on the banks, and whistling teal, guinea fowl, Egyptian geese, spoonbills and egrets were common. . . . One day we saw ahead of us what appeared like pure white trees. When we drew near we saw that the white on the trees was caused by a

colony of egrets sitting on their nests. A curious fact in connection with this colony was that, when we re-passed it on our way downstream some six weeks after, white spoonbills had taken over the nests and were busy sitting on them, while their earlier occupants, the egrets, were all over the sandbanks, teaching their half-grown progeny how to catch fish. At the time of our up-stream journey the Egyptian goose was also breeding. On every sand-bank there were scores of ganders, while the geese were hidden away in the vegetation, sitting on their nests. These we found, but always with great difficulty, so well were they hidden."



## THE NEVER-CHANGING CHILD: THE PERSISTENCE OF THE PLAYTHING.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PICTURE SUPPLIED BY W. A. MANSELL.

TEETHING-STICK AND BELLS: "THE TWINS";  
BY JACOB GERRITS CUYP (1575-1649).RATTLE: "EDWARD VI. AS A CHILD"; BY HOLBEIN  
THE YOUNGER (1497-1543).RAILED HIGH-CHAIR AND TEETHING-RING: "PORTRAIT OF CHILDREN";  
BY RAPHAEL MENGES (1728-1777).BEILED RATTLE AND WHISTLE: "PORTRAIT OF A BOY"—SCHOOL OF VERONESE  
(SECOND HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

"Novelty" gifts for the nursery are a great feature of to-day, but sometimes the young autocrats disappoint us by turning back to their shabby old toys, very soon after Christmas, and leaving their latest gifts neglected in favour of some classic nursery property, akin to a toy which diverted us—the grown-up folk—in our early days. This display of conservative principles is not, however, to be wondered at, for if one but glances at the child of centuries ago as he is represented by great painters of the sixteenth century, and earlier, it will be seen that

his playthings do not vary; nor are they out of date in design or construction. An infant of to-day might not be happy in the costume of the children of a past age, but he would know how to play with their toys! Our pages of reproductions of famous pictures of children by great artists show the never-changing aspect of the nursery in a striking manner. Look at the happy and well-nourished Dutch twins painted by J. G. Cuyp in the end of the sixteenth century. They are grasping teething-sticks, adorned with bells, such as any twentieth-century babe

(Continued opposite.)

## THEN AS NOW: CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS IN OLD MASTERS.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PICTURE SUPPLIED BY W. A. MANSELL.

HOBBY-HORSE: "PORTRAIT OF DON DIEGO";  
BY SANCHEZ COELLO (1519-1590).THE HOUSE OF CARDS: "THE CHILD AND THE PLAYING-CARDS";  
BY J. D. CHARDIN (1699-1779).BAT AND BALL: "PORTRAIT OF PRINCE FEDERIGO OF URBINO  
AS A CHILD"; BY FEDERIGO BAROCCHIO (1528-1612).BABY'S CHAIR AND PLAY-TABLE: "PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL"  
(OR, "RUBENS' SON"); BY CORNELIUS DE VOS (1585-1651).

(Continued) would find both useful and entertaining; and the rattles which figure in the painting by Holbein, and in the delightful portrait by an artist of the school of Veronese, would be as welcome a present to a modern child as to those who once owned them. As for nursery furnishings, the high-chairs and baby tables shown in our illustrations are still the vogue in the best nurseries. Card houses delighted the school-boy of the seventeenth century painted by Chardin, and the artist could find a similar subject were he alive and at work to-day. Then there is Don

Diego's hobby horse—a toy whose form has not changed one iota since Sanchez Coello painted it in the sixteenth century. Such a spirited steed, with its gay trappings, would be received with shouts of joy by any modern child, and would vie in popularity with its mechanical rival, the scooter.—We should add that, owing to exigencies of space, we have cut down Mengs' "Portrait of Children," and also that de Vos' "Portrait of a Little Girl" has sometimes been ascribed to Rubens, and named "Rubens' Son."



# A "PASTEUR INSTITUTE" FOR SNAKE-BITE: VENOMS AND ANTIDOTES.

REPRODUCED FROM THE NEW YORK "ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY BULLETIN." PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 5 BY ELWIN R. SANBORN.



1. EFFICACIOUS FOR ABOUT TEN YEARS: DR. BRAZIL'S ANTI-LACHESIS AND ANTI-CROTALUS SERUMS AND (EXTREME RIGHT) DR. CALMETTE'S SERUM FOR COBRA AND VIPER BITES.



4. "THE REPTILE'S JAWS ARE APPLIED TO A GLASS COVERED WITH PARCHMENT . . . AND THE FANGS DISCHARGE A JET OF POISON": EXTRACTING SNAKE VENOM AT BUTANTAN.



2. HOOKING A POISONOUS SNAKE REQUIRED FOR VENOM EXTRACTION: AN INCIDENT ON THE BRAZILIAN SNAKE-FARM AT BUTANTAN.



3. WITH "BEEHIVE" SHELTERS FOR POISONOUS SNAKES: THE SNAKE-FARM OF THE INSTITUTE OF SERUM THERAPY AT BUTANTAN, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL.



5. CRYSTALLISED VIPER VENOM (ABOVE); AND FANGS (TOP TO BOTTOM) OF RATTLESNAKE, LANCE-HEAD SNAKE, AND BUSHMASTER.

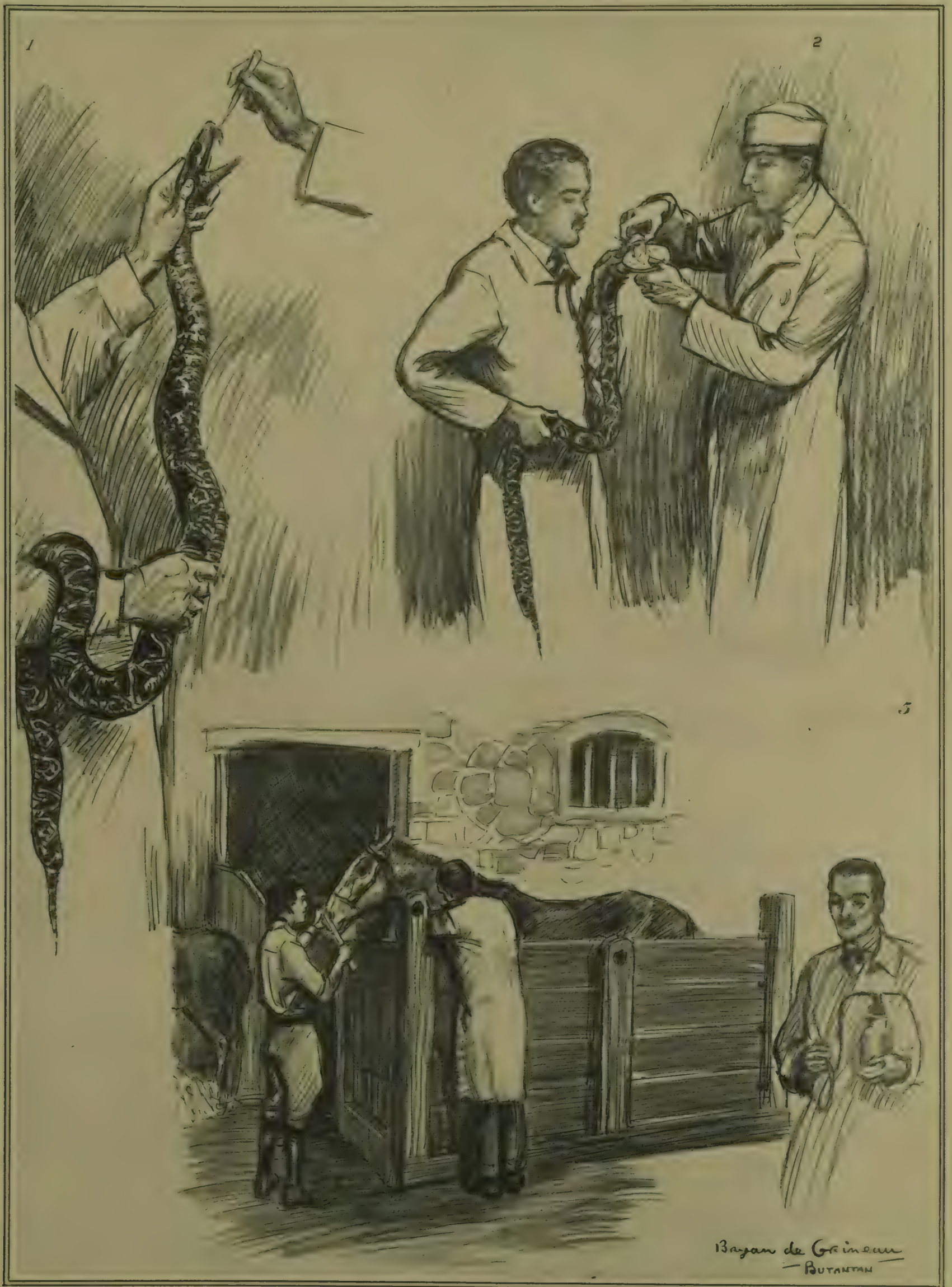
In the "Zoological Society Bulletin," Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, describes the snake-farm at the Institute of Serum Therapy at Butantan, Sao Paulo, Brazil, where some of these interesting photographs were taken. The serums are prepared from the blood of horses gradually immunised by repeated small injections of snake-poison. "After a short period of injections (as illustrated opposite) . . . Nature begins producing in the blood of the treated animal an anti-toxin that neutralises the poison's attack. By a carefully designed and humane method, a moderate amount of blood is

extracted from each horse by a process not more disturbing than application of the clippers. . . . The extracted blood . . . is placed in pointed vials. These are sealed in a flame by fusing the glass, and the serum is ready for injection into the human victim by merely pinching off the glass point and inserting the needle of the hypodermic syringe. Kept in a moderate temperature, the serum remains good for approximately ten years." Describing the extraction of venom, Mr. Ditmars writes: "The reptile's jaws are applied to a glass covered with parchment, and, when it bites through, the fangs discharge a jet of poison."



## HANDLING SNAKES TO EXTRACT VENOM; AND INOCULATING HORSES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BRAZIL, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



PREPARING ANTI-SNAKE-BITE SERUM AT BUTANTAN: (1) SCRAPING BACK THE SKIN FROM THE FANGS OF A *LACHESIS ALTERNATUS*, OR URUTU: (2) SQUEEZING VENOM FROM THE GLAND; (3) INOCULATING A HORSE.

Before the Institute at Butantan was established, snake-bite caused some 4800 deaths and 19,200 accidents annually in Brazil. Previous illustrations of its work, by the same artist, appeared in our issues for October 20 and 27 last. Of the above drawings, he writes: "The snake is lifted up by a loop round its neck by an attendant, who then grasps it firmly just behind the head with one hand, and with the other holds the tail to keep it from coiling. He then squeezes the back of the head, and the snake opens its mouth, exposing its

fangs. The operator scrapes back the skin from the top of the fangs with a pair of forceps, exposing the poison ducts; inserts a small glass saucer within the open mouth, so that its fangs protrude over the glass, and then squeezes violently the reptile's glands. Thus handled, the poison sacs eject a stream of venom through the fangs on to the glass. The liquid obtained is filtered with Berzeliuss paper and preserved until dry, when it forms small brilliant flakes—yellow from the varieties of *Lachesis*."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada. C.R.]



# BY LIONEL EDWARDS: LEAVES FROM A SPORTING ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY LIONEL EDWARDS, A.R.C.A.



THE ENCLOSED COUNTRY: THE EXMOOR FOXHOUNDS.



THE HUNTSMAN OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: WAITING FOR THE MIST TO CLEAR.



THE LEDBURY: LORD SOMERS, JOINT MASTER.



THE FLINT AND DENBIGH, AT THE TRAVELLERS' INN: MAJOR GRIFFITHS, JOINT MASTER.

Our readers will remember the charming drawings by Lionel Edwards which we published in our last week's issue, and will be delighted to see a further instalment of these "Leaves from a Sporting Artist's Sketch-Book."—The Exmoor Foxhounds, of which Mr. B. Crompton Wood is Master, hunt a country which lies in Devon and Somerset, and extends some fifteen miles east to west, and ten miles north to south, at the widest parts. It consists almost entirely of moorland, with some big woods and very little plough, and, according to Bailey's "Hunting Directory," "the best horse you can get is required." All this country is hunted

by the Devon and Somerset Staghounds.—The Joint Masters of the Ledbury are Lord Somers and Major Ian Bullough. The country lies in Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, and was also pictured by Mr. Lionel Edwards in our last collection of his sketches.—The Flint and Denbigh country stretches nearly from the Conway to the Dee, and is a bank-and-ditch one, comprising pasture and plough in fair proportions with some hill country. The Masters are Colonel R. W. Williams-Wynn, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Griffith, D.S.O., who is shown in our drawing.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# A NEW PHASE IN GREECE: THE KING "WITHDRAWS"; PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., CENTRAL PRESS, JULIETTA, BOUCAS (ATHENS), AND C.N.



BEFORE THE FUSILLADE WHICH KILLED EIGHT AND WOUNDED TWENTY-SIX: A ROYALIST DEMONSTRATION IN ATHENS, NEAR THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.



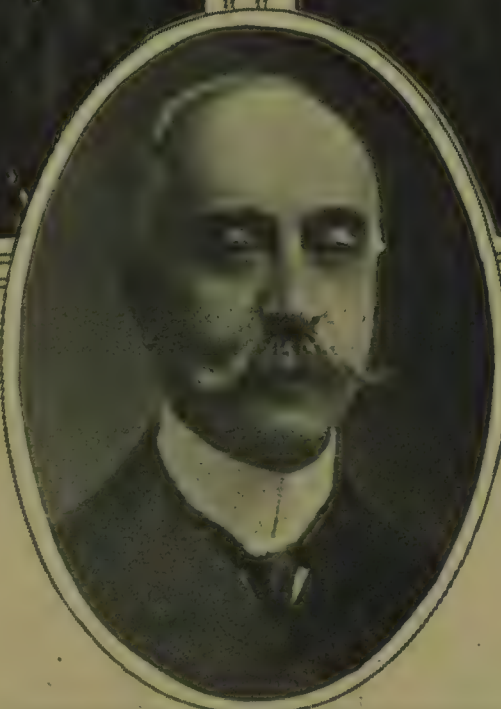
TRIUMPHANT IN THE RECENT GENERAL ELECTION IN GREECE: M. VENIZELOS, THE FAMOUS GREEK STATESMAN, WITH HIS WIFE.



GONE FROM GREECE TO ROUMANIA WITH HER HUSBAND, KING GEORGE II. OF THE HELLENES: QUEEN ELIZABETH.



WITHDRAWN FROM GREECE AT THE REQUEST OF THE CABINET: KING GEORGE II. OF THE HELLENES.



AGAIN APPOINTED REGENT OF GREECE, AS ON THE DEATH OF KING ALEXANDER IN 1920: ADMIRAL KONDOURIOTIS.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes sailed from the Piræus for the Roumanian port of Constanza on December 19, in accordance with a decision of the Cabinet resulting from a resolution presented by Colonel Plastiras, head of the Revolutionary Committee, on behalf of officers of the Army and Navy. The document declared, among other things, "that the gulf dividing the Hellenes is due to the Glücksburg Dynasty," that "the same Dynasty, through the present King, engineered the recent fratricidal movement, endangering the nation simply to strengthen a tottering throne," and that "the forfeiture of the Crown by this Dynasty is a national necessity." Admiral Kondouriotis, who was Regent after the death of the

King's brother, King Alexander, in 1920, was again sworn in as Regent on December 20. It was stated on that date that M. Venizelos was still in Paris, awaiting full results of the Greek elections. Later, it was announced that he had headed the poll with 64,625 out of 69,300 votes, but had not answered an invitation to return, and that in view of recent events he might not accept. On December 10 a great Royalist demonstration took place at the Temple of Olympian Zeus in Athens. As the crowds were returning, revolvers were fired near the Revolutionary headquarters, guarded by troops. A fusillade followed, causing indescribable panic, and eight people were killed and twenty-six injured.



# TUTANKHAMEN TROVE: A GOLD CHARIOT PANEL; PACKING A STATUE.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION;  
LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



SHOWING THE  
"HORUS,"  
PRENOMEN,  
AND NOMEN OF KING  
TUTANKHAMEN:  
THE UPPER FRONT  
PANEL OF THE  
BODY OF A  
CHARIOT OVERLAID  
WITH SHEET  
GOLD AND INLAID  
WITH FAIENCE,  
GLASS, AND  
STONES.



"LOOKING LIKE  
A SEVERELY  
WOUNDED MAN  
AFTER TREATMENT  
IN A CASUALTY  
WARD":  
ONE OF THE  
SENTINEL STATUES  
OF 'TUTANKHAMEN  
BEING PACKED  
FOR REMOVAL BY  
MR. HOWARD  
CARTER  
(ON THE LEFT).

The chariots found in the ante-chamber, a panel from one of which is shown in detail above, are further described on page 1199, illustrating another piece of detail work, a fine carved head of Bes. The packing of the two life-size wooden statues of Tutankhamen, and their removal from the ante-chamber (already illustrated in our issue of December 15), was a very delicate task, and took more than two hours. Describing it, the "Times" said: "Carefully the body was wrapped in cotton-wool. . . . A huge tray was next brought down and placed upright directly

behind the statue. . . . Slowly and gently it was lifted until it stood flat against the tray, the upper end of which was gradually lowered until the tray, with its load, reached the horizontal position, when it was carried out. Swathed in cotton-wool and bandages, with portions of the arms and legs showing, the statue looked like a severely wounded man after treatment in a casualty ward, and the impression became still more striking when the figure was seen reclining back on the tray. It was throughout a most difficult piece of work."



## A GOLD AND IVORY HEAD ON A TUTANKHAMEN CHARIOT: THE GOD BES.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION;  
LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S HOUSEHOLD GODS: A HEAD OF BES, IN GOLD-WORK, IVORY, AND CRYSTALLINE LIMESTONE, INLAID WITH POLYCHROME FAIENCE, GLASS, AND STONE—DECORATIVE DETAIL FROM A ROYAL CHARIOT.

The chariots of a Pharaoh were evidently highly decorative vehicles, to judge from those found in Tutankhamen's tomb, typical ornament of which is illustrated here and on another page. The official note furnished with the above photograph is as follows: "Detail of one of the chariots discovered in the ante-chamber: the head of the household god 'Bes' in gold-work, ivory, and crystalline limestone, inlaid with polychrome faience, glass, and stone." A general view of the chariots given in our issue of February 3 was thus described: "Piled up in the corner on the left, probably by ancient tomb-robbers, are the wheels, bodies, poles, and harness

of four chariots, of wood covered with stucco gilt, and some with ivory inlay. The floors of the bodies are of hide or leopard skin, and the bodies themselves are of open-work, finely carved and inlaid with coloured glass, and heavily embellished with inlaid gold-work, bosses, and bindings." A Luxor correspondent, in an account of the miscellaneous objects found in the ante-chamber, mentioned two statuettes of hawk-headed god Horus used as standards on the royal harness, and "the carved head of a leopard, richly embossed with gold, which had evidently been attached to one of the chariots."



# "OF INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY": THE "GUARDIAN GODDESSES" SHRINE IN THE STORE-CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH  
OF THE STORE-CHAMBER  
OPENING OUT  
OF THE SEPULCHRE:  
A JACKAL-HEADED ANUBIS  
AND A MAGNIFICENT  
GILDED SHRINE.

THE store-chamber opening out of this sepulchre in Tutankhamen's tomb is at present closed during the work of dismantling the actual shrine containing the sarcophagus in the sepulchre itself. The above is the first photograph of the contents of the store-chamber. The official description of it given in the "Times" when the sepulchre was first opened said: "In the farther end of the eastern wall of this sepulchral hall is yet another doorway, open and never closed. It leads to another chamber—the store-chamber of the sepulchre. There at the end stands an elaborate and magnificently carved and gilded shrine of indescribable beauty. It is surmounted by tiers of 'uraei' (royal serpents), and its sides are protected by open-armed goddesses of finest workmanship, their pitiful faces turned over their shoulders towards the invader. This is no less than the receptacle for the four canopic jars which should contain the viscera of the King. Immediately at the entrance to this chamber stands the jackal Anubis, black and gold upon his shrine, which again rests upon a portable sled—strange and resplendent. Behind this, again, is the head of a bull, an emblem of the underworld. Stacked on the south side of the chamber in great numbers are black boxes and shrines of all shapes, all closed and sealed, save one with open doors, in which golden effigies of the King stand upon black leopards. Similarly at the end of the chamber are more of these cases, including miniature coffins, sealed, but no doubt containing funerary statues of the monarch—servants for the dead in the coming world. On the south side of the deity Anubis is a tier of wonderful ivory and wooden boxes, of every shape and design, studded with gold and inlaid with faience, and beside them yet another chariot. This sight is stupendous, and its magnificence indescribable."





# AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF THE LAND OF TUTANKHAMEN: NEW AND REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LUXOR AND KARNAK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ALAN J. COBHAM,

TAKEN FROM A DE HAVILLAND MACHINE.



SHOWING THE TEMPLE BUILT BY AMENOPHIS III. (EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY), AND THE WINTER PALACE HOTEL (ON THE LEFT): LUXOR—LOOKING ACROSS THE NILE TOWARDS THEBES AND THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS—AN AIR VIEW.



HUGE IN COMPARISON WITH THE TWO RIDERS SHOWN AS TINY DOTS ON THE LEFT: COLOSSAL STATUES OF RAMESES II. (FORTY-FIVE FEET HIGH) NEAR THE TEMPLE AT LUXOR, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.



HOW THE GREAT TEMPLE OF AMMON AT KARNAK LOOKS FROM THE AIR: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS RUINS, WITH THE SACRED LAKE IN THE FOREGROUND, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



"ONLY FROM THE AIR CAN ONE GET A REAL IDEA OF THE OUTLAY OF THE ORIGINAL PLAN": ANOTHER STRIKING AEROPLANE VIEW OF THE RUINS AT KARNAK, ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE NEAR LUXOR.

The continued revelation of fresh wonders from Tutankhamen's tomb lends especial interest to these remarkable air photographs of Luxor and Karnak, on the opposite bank of the Nile, which represent a new view-point in the study of archaeological remains. They were taken by Mr. Alan J. Cobham, chief pilot of the De Havilland Hire Service at Edgware, who did the biggest flying tour of its kind on record, 12,000 miles over three continents—Europe, Asia, and Africa—with the same De Havilland aeroplane and engine, doing in all 130 hours of flying. The route ran through France, Italy, Greece, Crete, Egypt, and down the Nile, back into Palestine and French Syria, and then right across North Africa to Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, and home via Spain. "We flew down

the Nile," writes Mr. Cobham, "passing over the Pyramids at Gizeh on to Assiut. Then came Luxor, with the Temples of Karnak and Thebes. Only from the air can one get the real idea of the outlay of the original plan of the city. In a few minutes' flying one has crossed the Nile, and is over the Valley of the Kings. The whole picture of the oldest burial-ground in the world can be seen at a glance. At Assiut we came upon the great Dam, and from the air the Nile, from the first to the second cataract, appears to be one gigantic reservoir, with here and there a half-submerged temple standing in the centre of the river."



## AFGHANISTAN AND FRONTIER MURDERS: A REFUGE FOR ASSASSINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPECIAL PRESS AND TOPICAL.



WHERE CAPTAIN WATTS AND MRS. WATTS WERE MURDERED ON NOVEMBER 8 LAST: THEIR BUNGALOW AT PARACHINAR.



WHERE MAJOR FINNIS WAS SHOT ON NOVEMBER 30 BY A GANG INCLUDING A MEMBER OF THE AFGHAN KHASSADAR (MILITIA): MANIKHWA.



SHOWING A BRITISH SEPOY IN ONE OF THE WATCH-TOWERS THAT GUARD SMALL BORDER TOWNSHIPS: SINJAWI—A TYPICAL FRONTIER FORT.



CALLED UPON TO ARREST THE ASSASSINS HARBOURING IN HIS DOMINIONS: THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN, AMANULLAH KHAN (SECOND FROM RIGHT).



A DISTRICT TO WHICH SOME OF THE MURDEROUS FRONTIER OUTLAWS BELONG: LANDI KOTAL, SHOWING WATCH-TOWERS



INDICATING WHY THE ASSASSINS CANNOT BE PURSUED INTO AFGHAN TERRITORY: A NOTICE ON THE INDO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

A critical situation on the Indian North-West Frontier has been brought about by the succession of unpunished crimes which began with the murder of Colonel and Mrs. Foulkes in 1920, and was succeeded by the murder of Mrs. Ellis and the abduction of her daughter; the murders of Majors Orr and Anderson by Afghan subjects in the Khyber Pass; and more recently by the murder of Captain and Mrs. Watts at Parachinar, on November 8, and of Major Finnis at Manikhwa on November 30. The crimes committed this year have been traced to a gang of outlaws, under a desperado named Ajad, who belong to the districts of Kohat

and Landi Kotal. They took refuge in Afghanistan, where they have been immune from punishment because they cannot be pursued over the border, and because the Amir's Government has failed to bring them to justice. The Indian Government lately made strong representations to the Afghan Government and ordered all British ladies resident in Kabul to leave that city for Peshawar. The assassins, it is said, desire to take a British hostage, preferably a woman, in order to extort a pardon. The present Amir, Amanullah Khan, succeeded his father Habibullah Khan, when the latter was murdered in 1919.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IF New Year Resolutions are a proverbial terror, Old Year Resolutions are a scourge. They begin to plague one about the first week of December, when the accusing Almanac of the "tear-off" type wears alarmingly thin, and there is no blinking the fact that the days of the current year are in deadly truth numbered. As long as a fairly fat and comfortable block of index-papers remained on the card, it was possible to lay the flattering unction to one's soul that there was, after all, plenty of time yet for all that had to be done before the pipes should skirl beneath St. Paul's on Hogmanay, but December strikes a chill shrewder than his worst weather into the marrow of procrastinating men.

It is no use turning to Edmund Spenser to read once more—

And after him came next the chill December;  
Yet he through merry feasting that he made,  
And great bonfires; did not the cold remember,

for the verses seem only a hollow mockery. Either Spenser was making the worse appear the better cause, or he was superhuman—a just person always beforehand with his work, who feared no coldly menacing date ahead. But ordinary mortals have a perpetual something—more often a host of somethings—they have promised themselves to finish by December 31. Like Byron, they mean "to be reformed before the year run out," and when December's "shaggy bearded goat" (Spenser again) butts them into realisation of their parlous backwardness, they (that is, we) fall to making Old Year Resolutions.

The first phase is arithmetical. We take stock of what remains to be done in one-and-thirty days (of which Number One is already far spent), and then we work division sums. The result is a momentary gleam of hope. Really we are not so far behind; a great deal can be got through in four weeks. It only requires a little resolution, a careful portioning out of tasks, and a brave hand's turn of extra effort. If Spenser failed us, Robbie Burns is more encouraging. In a loud, confident voice we repeat the incantation—

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van  
Thou stalk o' earl-hemp in man! . . .  
Wha does the utmost that he can,  
Will whyles do mair.

That's the right spirit, and so to work. Thirty days is a considerable margin. Now for the time-table. Already we (let me be honest, I; for it is not fair to include other people in this singular tale of human frailty), already I feel a glow about my heart as the good work goes forward. It is an excellent time-table, a marvel of ingenuity, little short of a masterpiece, and if it has taken me till midnight to draw up—well, to-morrow is also a day, and will be all the more profitably spent with the help of this beautifully simple plan of campaign. Without it, in fact, to-morrow would be frittered away. To-day is really a day saved. And so to bed. Resolved: to stick to the time-table—to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow.

The second phase is hypothetical. This is reached about the 15th, by which day I have discovered the practical defects of the time-table and put them right. It is quite simple. If I increase the amount of the daily task in inverse proportion to the time still remaining, all will be well. The gain in industry will exactly balance the loss in days, and there you are. All is well. Midnight again; and so to bed. Resolved: to work double tides. Old Father Nineteen-Twenty-Three will not have the laugh of me as all his predecessors have done since some time last century. I will bow him out with a good conscience.

It is not everyone who does that. Save me from conceit and self-righteousness! I know of at least one shining example—not myself, for as yet, remember, I am (as herein-before noted) only in the hypothetical stage of this great argument and don't know what may happen: the shining example is on record, and therefore presumably a fact. Mr. Justice Stareleigh will support me here: Anything that was written in his notes must have actually happened, otherwise he could not have got it down. The Pickwickian precedent is good enough to go on with in the present case.

That case is to be found in a most amusing book, "ONE AT A TIME" by Mr. R. S. Hooper (The Bodley Head; 6s.), a humourist whose name is familiar to readers of *Eve* and the *Lady's Pictorial*, where these essays originally appeared. Everything is grist to his mill. He takes the small happenings of every day, the worries, the business, the pleasures, and gives them a happy twist of comicality and odd wisdom. Perhaps he means by his title that you should read his papers only one at a time, ponder each seriously in silence and alone, and then return for another at the next spare moment; but it simply can't be done. To read one is to read all at a sitting. If you are busy keeping your Old Year Resolutions and fall by the way into Mr. Hooper's beguiling clutches, you won't remember anything about your virtuous resolves until you reach the last essay: "That one will pull you up with a shock, for it is entitled 'New Year's Day.'" Which brings us back to the point. Mr. Hooper is my shining example of a man who (once at any rate) saw the Old Year out and the New Year in with a good conscience. "I went," he says, "early and soberly to bed, and I rose early and soberly. I hope throughout the coming year I may retire with equal sobriety without having to rise quite so early. The same to you and many of them."

But he is not to escape. His awakening on January 1 plunged him into gloom. The idea of starting all over again with a clean sheet sets him reviewing the past year, but, unlike the tradesman's circular, he is not "mindful of past favours and hoping for a continuation of same."

For the Old Year brought him no favours to speak of, and the idea of continued misfortune won't bear consideration. He dare not hope, but he thinks he will "just scrape through (touch wood) without imprisonment for debt or crime." This sounds pessimistic, but by the time Mr. Hooper has finished his melancholy reflections, you will find that somehow he has put you in high good humour and made you fitter to face not only this New Year, but also as many more as may be coming to you. That is the true function of humour, and I even forgive Mr. H. for taking my mind off my Old Year Resolutions in the alluring way he has. Perhaps he has made me stronger to carry them out even at the eleventh hour. At any rate, as Mrs. Drummond Ogilvy called David Balfour, Mr. Hooper is a "seductive youth."

The third phase of my "Fight with the Fag-End of the Old Year" was to have been entitled "Homiletical"—a very sad, despairing, and yet edifying little paragraph of warning and advice; but the ground has been cut from under my feet by "One at a Time." I feel too recklessly cheerful, in spite of my now hopeless arrears of work, to do the subject justice; and in any case you had better hear what Mr. Hooper has to say, not only about Old and New Years, but about a host of other things equally important—"The Holiday Spirit," "Robinson Trouseaux," "Wedding Presents," "Umbrellas," "Cats," and the whole round world of shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings.

Having by a side wind got on to "Books of the Day" (which has nothing to do with arrears of present work, for I am never—no, not even hardly ever—late with my "copy"



AUTHOR OF "ONE AT A TIME": MR. R. S. HOOPER, THE WELL-KNOWN ESSAYIST OF "EVE."

In his new book, "One at a Time" (reviewed on this page), Mr. R. S. Hooper has gathered a sheaf of the delightfully humorous essays which—as "Simple Simon"—he contributes to "Eve." They include "The Holiday Spirit," "The Dreadnought," a tale of a motor-car, and "Seven and Sixpence Net," about the making of modern novels.—[Photograph by Hay Wrightson.]

for the printer, to which pleasing fact I beg him kindly to testify with an asterisk\*, I may as well continue for a little on the same theme and make one or two suggestions for your library list. There seems, however, to be no getting away from the Calendar. Another book of essays, which has given me several delightful hours, has for title of the first paper a date, and a very fateful one—"January 30, 1649." It made me stretch out my left hand towards a shelf I can reach without rising from my chair, to take down Mr. Philip Sidney's little monograph, "The Headsman of Whitehall," for the two books have a good deal to say to one another. In fact, I had not read very far in Mr. John Beresford's charming and scholarly "GOSSIP OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES" (Cobden Sanderson; 8s. 6d.) before I found a reference to Mr. Sidney. Mr. Beresford's essay on the last hours of Charles I. brings together more fully than any previous work I can remember all the known incidents in the final act of the White King's tragedy. Mr. Sidney was concerned chiefly with the mystery of the headsman's identity; Mr. Beresford's protagonist is the headsman's victim, as he appeared when the sands of his life were running out. An old story told in a new way, and with a nice sense of values, dramatic, political, and ethical.

One of Mr. Beresford's stories, however, if not altogether new, is so full of fresh light and fresh material that it is a distinct and valuable contribution to knowledge. This essay, "A Seventeenth Century Jester: John Donne the Younger," does much to rehabilitate the great Dean's doubtful son, hitherto regarded as an entirely worthless fellow.

Dr. Jessopp, in the D.N.B., took a very severe view of the younger Donne. Mr. Beresford has gone deeply into the question and finds not a few redeeming features. At any rate, he makes Donne the son out to be a jester worthy of consideration, and a poet of an odd whimsical humour that is in parts clearly derivative from his father the Dean. At the same time, the author pleads that the younger

Donne "should be taken merely as himself and not with a backward glance at the beautiful figure of his father. Great men may suffer from small sons, but small sons also suffer from great fathers." Charles Cotton felt kindly towards the younger Donne; it has been reserved appropriately enough for Cotton's accomplished editor to show cause for that opinion.

The other essays in this most attractive book are "Anne Hyde," "Gossip of the Reign of Queen Anne," and (second to the "Donne" only in originality, not in charm) "Holy Mr. Herbert," an exquisite study in brief of that poet's spiritual experience and inner harmony. Mr. Beresford may call his work "Gossip," but it is gossip informed with the historical sense and written with the true touch of the literary historian.

Some of my candid friends will ask me, I know, why I have dared to fall to praise of Mr. Beresford's choice and learned volume just after I had been saying a good word for a book of rather boisterous fun. They will tell me that appreciation of the one must surely be incompatible with appreciation of the other. But a more catholic view is possible, perhaps imperative, and a recent lecture of Mr. Robert Lynd's, published in the *Newspaper World* (Dec. 1 and 8), gives considerable support to that opinion. Mr. Lynd, giving advice to reviewers, warned the critic against being "at once an idealist and a hanging judge . . . the critic must realise sooner or later that only a few books pretend to be literature and it is only these that need be judged by the high standards of literature. The vast majority are simply toys and confectionery, and it is for the reviewer to say whether they are reasonably good toys or confectionery. . . . In literature there are many articles manufactured to be of temporary use and entertainment, and in so far as they achieve their purpose they deserve praise for their success." This point Mr. Lynd maintained without taking a cynical view of literary criticism. He is all for the very highest and most conscientious standards, where these should be applied, and he went on to uphold them with great good sense and knowledge.

He never preaches what he does not practise. Whether he reviews or writes original works, he uses his stores of knowledge so lightly that he leaves his reader in holiday mood. As that mood seems now to have taken entire possession of this article, to the neglect of Old Year Resolutions, dismal arrears of work, and all such sorrows, let us adjourn to the tavern. Mr. Lynd will not only guide us there, but he himself has set up the sign and provided the entertainment.

The sign is "THE BLUE LION," by Robert Lynd (Methuen; 6s.), and the entertainment dispensed there will satisfy you, be you never so critical. For although the essayist writes of plain everyday things, beginning with the talk of humble and homely men in a little harbour public-house (the Blue Lion aforesaid), he always lifts it into a rarer atmosphere. In that lecture of his he insisted on the background of literary knowledge. No writer can ever read too much if he is to be qualified properly for his job, and his reading should rise inevitably at the right moment—never be dragged in by the heels. These essays are the proof of how faithfully the author follows his own instructions.

Mr. Lynd has the true essayist's happy knack of unexpected allusion—he makes the seemingly inappropriate so fitting that you dare not call it far-fetched. His essay on "The Sweep," for example, glides into a most just criticism of Dr. Moffat's "modern" translation of the New Testament. I have never seen the melody, majesty, rhythm, and beauty of the Authorised Version so excellently vindicated as Mr. Lynd has vindicated it here, by contrast with Moffat's flat colloquialisms. This alone makes the little book memorable. The Sweep who set the essay going I count verily for a golden lad and no dustman.

But still to dust must we all come, and my Old Year Resolutions are already less than dust. They are past praying for. *Requiescant.* But the New Year is before us with its days of opportunity, and in that it goes one better than its dying forerunner, for 1924 is "Bisextile or Leap Year," as the Almanac quaintly reminds us. To the new Almanac or Calendar, therefore, we turn with what hope we may, firmly resolved, as the Irishman said, to "make no resolutions but kape them all."

The new array of numbered days is formidable, and that may be the reason why the makers of Calendars often call in the aid of Art to gild the bald and accusing record. The Art of the Calendar is sometimes dubious, as in the grocer's New Year offering; but that, fortunately, is not the last word. There are Calendars adorned with really beautiful and valuable reproductions in colour of great masterpieces of painting. The most perfect work of this kind is that of the Medici Society, famous not only for its magnificent colour prints and its beautiful books, but also for its Christmas cards and its Calendars.

This season's issues of the Medici Society include reproductions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Dolores," Raphael's "Madonna Granduca," Velasquez's "The Balbi Children," Gerard Dou's "The Herring Seller," Turner's "Derwentwater," Corot's "Souvenir de Morte Fontaine," Brueghel's "Adoration of the Magi," Collins's "St. Mark's, Venice," and Russell Flint's "Dalliance," small-scale replicas which bring the treasures of home and foreign galleries within Everyman's reach. These most desirable reproductions of great subjects form an important contribution to popular education in Art, and are worthy to be kept long after they have served their immediate turn as bearers of the season's good wishes.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## LETTERS ON "ACTING AND FEELING" FROM PROMINENT PLAYERS—(Continued.)

MR. George Arliss writes:—

I always hesitate to give any opinion on the art of acting. On the judgment of other arts I am more courageous. I feel sure that I could offer valuable suggestions to the house-painter as I watch him at his work, or to the man who comes to put in the new stove; but I have not the same confidence in my ability to offer any really useful hints to actors. I think that the technique of the actor's art is more or less on hard and fast lines that can be laid down with some certainty, but beyond that the art of acting is so dependent upon the temperament and the method of the individual, the art of concealing art is so subtle and variable, that it seems futile to offer one's own impressions. But Mr. Grein has done me the honour to invite my opinion on "Acting and Feeling," so I offer it merely as it applies to myself, without suggesting that it will be of value to another member of my own profession. Mr. Grein has cited several cases designed apparently to show that it is not necessary for the actor to feel his part in order to move his audience.

There can be little doubt that in certain telling situations supplied by the author, an actor who is master of his art can move an audience without himself being moved; and I have known many instances where the play is so appealing that even a bad actor incapable of great feeling has succeeded in making a deep impression upon his audience. But if it is suggested that it is an actual advantage for the actor to abstain from feeling the emotions that he is intended to arouse, then I am bound to say that this is entirely contrary to my own conviction. However great an impression an actor may create by this method, I can never be convinced that he would not have made a still deeper impression if he had felt the emotion himself. Surely the best and truest acting must come from within, and not be merely external. I am not in favour of an actor who is so emotional that he gives a different performance every night; as a rule he is a temperamental performer but not a good actor. In my opinion the best actor is likely to be the man who forms an absolutely fixed opinion of his character during the period of rehearsal and maintains his creation during the entire run of the play. But that is not to say he may not improve it in detail, and I fail to see how he is to enrich his performance if he does not feel it. He cannot be guided by laughs or applause from the front. To gauge success by these audible punctuation marks is most dangerous and is liable to lead to destruction. Then how are we to get these sudden flashes that enrich a performance, and that only appear when an actor comes in contact with an audience—how are we to get them if we do not feel?

Coquelin had a great personality, and could act while thinking of other things with less detriment to his reputation than the majority of actors. I find that if I think of other things my audience follows my example, and I am recalled by hearing cough, cough, cough from different quarters of the house. If I then pull myself together and think of what I am doing, I can generally succeed in bringing the audience back again. And I can't help wondering what happened to Coquelin's eyes when he was thinking of other things. An actor who has ever played in the "movies" will have discovered that the camera registers thought through the eyes; the most fleeting emotion is recorded, and the camera has no mercy on the actor who is thinking of other things or is incapable of imagination; and what the camera sees, the audience sees—in a lesser degree perhaps, but sufficiently plainly. My opinion is that the eyes are the actor's most valuable assistants if legitimately used, and that they cannot truly register an emotion that is not behind them.

The instance given by Mr. Grein of the young lady who was so overcome by her emotion that she burst into such floods of tears that the audience were dissolved in laughter, is no argument against feeling. She didn't know her business; she was not a trained actress.

Acting is an art, not merely an exhibition of emotions. An actor doesn't lose himself on the stage: if he did there would be nothing to prevent his walking off the stage in his transports of emotion and finishing his big scene in Piccadilly Circus. But his emotion need be no less sincere because it is harnessed; it may be just as true. In real life we have to exercise control. When we are in the greatest distress we are generally conscious that we must not make an exhibition of ourselves, but we do not feel our grief any the less poignantly. And so in feeling on the stage: the fact that we are conscious of our audience and of the mechanical limitations of the theatre should not prevent the trained actor from deep feeling.

My opinion is that the practised actor is at his best when he feels the emotion that he is attempting to convey to his audience.

same with tears. Time makes threadbare our richest emotions and, by constant repetition in the long run we hope for, and deplore, the bare bones must often show through. Exceptional Coquelin! Yet it would be fairer to your discussion to have asked him what he thought of on the first night, not when his *Cyrano* had become a household word. Yes, I believe we must feel, but all must be disciplined, under control. Rehearsals are not for words alone. Some of the greatest artists I have seen have never made me cry; others, whom I rank as high, have made me weep unendurably—Lady Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson, and Sir Gerald du Maurier. I cannot believe that their acting was not inspired but by the deepest feeling, kept under perfect control. Why not ask of these still with us what they feel? And three of the above have given me as much laughter as my sides would bear. Just

as we find, if we grow old properly, our hearts are elastic and find room to love so very many of our fellow-men, so would it seem the seat of the emotions, heart or head, in an actor can find room for many thoughts and yet keep right on doing justice to himself and to his author. And that is my best thought. Drop the actors, and ask the authors what they do or do not feel when they write our parts. My word for it, there's feeling enough to equip a dozen Coquelins! And if they feel, as feel they must, there's no question what we should do. For, after all, "the play's the thing."

Mr. Lawrence Anderson:—

I think that if an actor thoroughly understands the situation and the atmosphere created by the author, and if, in addition, he can feel both these relatively to the effect on the mind of the audience, that he will get the feeling over. I think one is perhaps apt to lessen one's effect in a scene by playing the same piece a number of times, and that is what I think we should strive for—always to bring the original mentality to the part—to consider the situation as we did when we first played it to a personally critical audience. That is how I regard "feeling" on the stage myself. I always try to visualise three things:

1. The effect the author meant.
2. The effect I can have with the other people in relation to the author.
3. How I did it originally with these ideas in my mind.

I hope this will express to you what I feel.

Mr. Ralph Lynni:—

I have read your article, "Acting and Feeling," with great interest.

To the question, "Do actors feel?" I can only make reply by trying my best to explain how much I personally feel a part and how much I do not. My job is nearly always to be funny, and to be so successfully I find that I have to work myself into a certain mood—let me call it a funny mood—but my mind must be always concentrated on restraining and covering up any obvious efforts to be funny.

To the actor who has to portray the lover, I should think it amounts to very much the same thing: his mood must be the mood of the lover whilst his thoughts are busy with technique. This lover could make love to a cabbage with as much sincerity as he could to the beautiful moon-eyed heroine. In fact, if the lassie happened to be endowed with a voice that sounded like trickling water on corrugated iron, then the cabbage would be preferable, for the unkind noise would jar the actor and put him out of mood.

To feel a part with emotion of many horse-power is to be too far up the right street, in my opinion. I have seen so many ineffectual displays of real emotion that I have long since decided that sincerity is as far as one should go: to be sincerely sad or to be sincerely funny; the rest is technique. More than this I do not feel on the stage; but I feel now that this confession may cost me my job.



IN THE TITLE PART OF "MADAME POMPADOUR," AT DALY'S: MISS EVELYN LAYE.

It was arranged to produce "Madame Pompadour" at Daly's on Thursday, December 20. The cast includes Mr. Bertram Wallis and Mr. Huntley Wright. The music is by Leo Fall, and the book has been adapted from that of Adolph Schanzer and Ernest Walisch, by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Mr. Harry Graham, who also supplies lyrics.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

Mr. Lyall Swete:—

"There are other men fitter to go out than I." Still, the born actor—like Coquelin—would seem to be a law unto himself; no doubt there have been, and are, many others. Edmund Kean could find time in the middle of a most impassioned speech to bid the person he was addressing to "get out of my focus," and I can imagine that sort of lightning detachment from his or her part is not rare now with many of us. Not being born (and even now but three parts baked) an actor, such detachment would inevitably make me "dry up." For myself, I should say all acting is founded on feeling whatever emotion, comic or tragic, and all the differences between, that one wishes to portray. Intellectual intelligence can only add to our aridity. Can one make an audience laugh without feeling merry and bright or having at least a sense of the fun of it all, or perhaps being the merrier the unfunnier it all is? And the



## CAROLS SUNG BY "MUSICIANS . . . IN THE AIR": CHRISTMAS BROADCAST.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER.



"HERE WILL WE SIT AND LET THE SOUNDS OF MUSIC CREEP IN OUR EARS": A FAMILY GROUP LISTENING TO CHRISTMAS CAROLS SUNG A HUNDRED MILES AWAY AND TRANSMITTED BY RADIO.

The invention of broadcasting has immensely extended the power of music to diffuse the spirit of Christmas. The range of the carol-singers' voices, hitherto restricted to the limits of a building, or a short distance in the open air, has been increased by hundreds of miles. The carols sung at a broadcasting station can be heard simultaneously in thousands of homes where a receiving-set has been installed, in far-away towns and villages and remote country houses. Our illustration is typical of many a family group to whom the magic of radio has

carried through space the old familiar songs. In this particular household, the receiving-set has been fitted with a "loud speaker," which removes the necessity for ear-pieces. Radio has lent a new significance to the words of Shakespeare quoted in our heading from "Henry IV." (Part I., Act III., Sc. 1.) when Glendower says to Mortimer: "And those musicians that shall play to you Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence; And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.]



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

KING EDWARD was a democratic Sovereign; so is King George. Neither of their Majesties, when Prince of Wales, took a meal of sandwiches and coffee at a street stall, wearing a blue blazer with gilt buttons, grey flannel trousers, and a soft hat, and said that he had been there before and knew one could get a jolly good meal there. Possibly one ought not to affirm that the Prince's father and grandfather never did this, but if so it was not made public. Our Royal Family have a very distinct love of the ordinary people, and like to get to know for themselves what are their views and tastes. Once long ago I had reason to suspect that a next-door neighbour on the top of a humble bus going East was a royal Princess, and a distinct sight of a Lady-in-Waiting whom I knew confirmed the suspicion! The Princess in question entered into conversation with a woman in front who was carrying a baby and a bundle, and that woman's tongue went nineteen to the dozen; as one is very sure it would not have done had the proprietress known to whom she was pouring out her opinions on cabbages, if not kings.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles always carries a bag, usually a dainty little affair, into which she plunges her fingers in search of a hankie. That she does not carry money in such a precarious way was proved when she wanted to pay for a purchase at a sale of work in a far-off suburb, and produced from a pocket a business-like case from which she unrolled from what the Americans call a "wad" a couple of notes. The Queen will have no dress without a pocket. When that gorgeous garment worn by her Majesty at the Coronation was fashioned there was a message from the royal dresser to the royal dressmaker, "Don't forget her Majesty's pocket." It was a matter of delicate contrivance to place so ordinary a receptacle in the midst of so much magnificence, but it was done. Among the Christmas presents purchased by the Queen were some elaborated, embroidered cases for spectacles and lorgnettes. Now that the latter are frequently used by the first lady in the land, she feels no hesitation in facilitating their use in ornamental fashion for her friends.

Major-General the Earl of Athlone will be greatly missed by the Queen, whose favourite brother he has always been; largely, perhaps, because her Majesty

7th Hussars when he was quite a lad, and it was such a pleasure to his sister and mother that he got his uniform in time for the marriage of his eldest brother to Lady Margaret Grosvenor in the private chapel at Eaton Hall. The three brothers were a trio for any relatives to be proud of—handsome, soldierly, well-set up men, looking fine in their respective uniforms. The Marquess of Cambridge and the late Prince

and a wonderful collection of white Dresden china figures.

Preparations are already afoot for the invasion of our kith and kin from across seas for the British Empire Exhibition. I hear from people who have long been residents in private hotels, the only hope of the servantless, that they are being given notice to quit, that these establishments may be redecorated and made ready against the rush. One hopes that all our hotel and boarding-house keepers will be moderate in their charges, and not set out to rook our cross-seas relatives. Their delight in and love for the Old Country is pathetically great, and we should, every one of us, determine to lose no opportunity of keeping it. We found its value in the war. The number of visitors coming has been computed as thirty millions. If so, London will be a mad world, my masters, and no mistake.

Does anyone realise the amount of philanthropic effort put forth by what Socialists call the idle rich? There are women of high rank and large income who work as hard as any typist—harder, in fact, for their hours are not legally fixed—in the cause of hospitals, child welfare, and a hundred-and-one other causes for the good of the community. It is thankless work too, for the most part, and so-called charity sales, matinées, dances, tournaments, are laughed at and sometimes looked upon as occasion for personal advertisement. What brings home to the thoughtful the real work that goes to good causes is the column of a newspaper covering benevolent effort, the constancy with which year after year one set of women of position stick to one or two good objects and work for them, and the contemplation of all the very many institutions in this country of ours—ay, and far beyond the limits of even our great Empire—that are dependent upon voluntary contributions.

The turn of the year is a pleasant thing; all is fresh and new, and possibilities open to us seem vast—vaster the younger we are, of course; but happily middle and old age look for different kinds of things. Let us all hope it will be a good New Year, and all of us get a little nearer the "Great Soul of all things," as



An ornament of silver and a long silk fringe emphasise the graceful lines of this black satin gown, whose birth-place is Paris.

Adolphus were the Queen's senior, but Lord Athlone is her Majesty's junior. Princess Alice is also a great favourite with the Queen, with whom she has many fine qualities in common—such as a real love for doing good work, delight in children, and a fine disregard for the formalities of her rank, which she can, of course, better indulge than her Majesty. Lady May Cambridge is going, too, to South Africa, where she is sure to be a prime favourite. She has not yet made her appearance in the royal circle at a Court. The journey to and from Cape Town is so short and pleasant that she may well be here for part of the season.

The death of Viscount Allendale altered the arrangements for the Wynyard Park celebrations of the coming-of-age of Viscount Castlereagh, as the Marquess of Londonderry is Lady Allendale's nephew. There was to have been a large house-party at Wynyard, and there has been a family one. Lord Allendale's last illness was a short one, but he has not been in good health for a long time. The new peer and his wife, who is a daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Soely, started off at the beginning of August last on a big-game shooting expedition in British East Africa, and expected to be absent six or eight months. However, the new Lord Allendale started for home as soon as his father's serious condition was cabled to him. He has one small son, who has been in the care of grandparents. Viscountess Ebrington's little baby was born almost at the time of its grandfather's death. Lady Allendale, who is the most thoughtful and capable of ladies, would not have Lady Ebrington told for several days. The Earl and Countess of Ilchester's Christmas arrangements were also changed, Lady Ilchester being a niece of Lady Allendale, and very greatly attached to her. The late Peer was a very rich man, and Lady Allendale is the only daughter of the late Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, one of the greatest heiresses of her day, owning very valuable property in Wales. The house in Piccadilly, where Lord and Lady Allendale entertained a great deal, possesses fine carvings by Grinling Gibbons



Shell pink and silver have been happily blended to fashion this pretty frock, enhanced by a posy of flowers in vieux rose.

mothered him, and the Queen's quality of motherliness is well defined. The late Princess Mary also loved her youngest son with a great love. He joined the



Beautifully embroidered in black beads is this filmy dinner gown, with a suggestion of wing sleeves.

Matthew Arnold so beautifully has it. The old, old wish, "A Happy New Year," is the best wish, and that all my readers and millions more may have it is the Old Year wish of  
A. E. L.



# “BLACK & WHITE”



## SCOTCH WHISKY

The great superiority of the quality of “BLACK & WHITE” is evidenced by an always increasing demand both in the Home and in the Export Market.

As a result of the compulsory stoppage of distillation for two years there is a serious shortage of Old Matured Scotch Whiskies, without which no blend of high-class quality can be produced.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their Associated Companies, are in the predominant and unrivalled position of holding upwards of 29,000,000 GALLONS of Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland.



## Fashions and Fancies.

### School Outfits for the Coming Term.

Once the Christmas festivities are really over, the inevitable replenishing of school wardrobes demands immediate attention, and all who wish to

economise, time, trouble and money should visit Gamages, Holborn, E.C., who are responsible for the well-cut, practical clothing worn by the attractive young people pictured on this page. The frock in the centre is of fine blue serge trimmed with ciré braid, and is procurable in all sizes (24 in. in length costing 23s. 9d.), while the gymnasium tunic is 13s. 3d., size 27 in., worn with a comfortable winceyette slip available for 5s. 6d. in every size. The three-piece boy's Rugby suit can be obtained in several tones of grey for 35s.; and in the important matter of dormitory raiment, even the most critical schoolboy will thoroughly approve of a fleecy dressing-gown in grey or fawn, price 21s. 6d. for ages ten to sixteen years; and striped pyjamas ranging from 6s. 11d. in a mixture of wool and cotton.

### A Sale of Paris Models.

An unusually large collection of Paris models at less than cost price is included in the sale of Jay's, Regent Street, W., which begins on Jan. 2 and will continue until the end of the month. A beautiful Drecoll cloak in embroidered Charmalaine trimmed with grey squirrel is reduced from 55 guineas to 25 guineas; and a promenade coat of velour, trimmed with opossum, from 22 guineas to 15 guineas. The cost of a graceful velour coat trimmed with mole-

skin, is 17½ guineas; and millinery, hosiery and gloves are obtainable at correspondingly tempting prices. Leaflets illustrating some of the many attractive offers will be sent on application to all readers.

### Bargains in House Linen.

Every housewife must make a mental note of the fact that a rich harvest may be reaped in the field of table and household linen at Robinson and Cleaver's, 156, Regent Street, W., during their



Ready for every sport and gymnastic exercise is this small maiden clad in a workmanlike tunic of fine blue serge and slip of white winceyette. Designed and carried out by Gamages, Holborn, E.C.



Packing the hamper of good things to take back to school is a serious occupation to these two neat personages, arrayed by Gamages, one in a comfortable three-piece Rugby suit, and the other in a frock of blue serge trimmed with ciré braid.

sale, which begins on Monday next. Beautiful Irish linen table-cloths and serviettes, sheets and pillowcases, are reduced to really incredibly low prices, and pretty tea-cloths and mats are given away for a "mere song." The early visitor will find many bargains in the shape of attractive dressing-gowns, jumpers, blouses, etc., at extremely pleasant prices.

### Throughout January.

Pretty crinoline dance frocks for 4 guineas, chiffon velvet dinner-gowns for 6 guineas, and evening wraps of white fur for 5 guineas—these are all to be found at Woollands', Knightsbridge, S.W., during their sale, from Monday next until the end of January. There are also fashionable velour coats trimmed with fur, priced at 5½ guineas; and beautiful reversible chiffon velvet capes are 7½ guineas. Practical tweed skirts for 15s., warm cape scarves of brushed wool for 27s. 9d., and most useful coatees in striped wool for 12s. 9d., are included amongst other bargains, and application should be made for an illustrated sale catalogue.

### No Catalogue.

Liberty's, Regent Street, W., are not issuing a catalogue in connection with their winter sale, which begins on December 31, so an early visit is essential. There is a splendid selection of Yoru crêpe dresses trimmed with hand-painted silk in Liberty's famous colourings for 15s. 6d.; and wraps and cloaks for day and evening wear range from 3 guineas. Quaintly designed bed-spreads of Indian cotton for 6s., and 75,000 yards of artistic cretonne to be sold at exactly half-price, are other golden opportunities; and children's coats and wraps can be secured at prices to suit every pocket.



Exempt from the criticism of even the sternest schoolboy are these sensible pyjamas and dressing-gown of fleecy wool, for which Gamages are responsible.

### Bargains in Real Laces.

It is indeed welcome news that P. Steinmann and Co., of 185, Piccadilly, W., are offering a large stock of real lace at ridiculously low prices during their sale, which continues until January 12. Remnants of filet and Flemish lace range from 5s. to 5gns., and lovely lace berthes of Milanese, Honiton, etc., are from 18s. 6d.; while 17s. 6d. secures a Modesty jumper front in real lace; and, naturally, everything connected with children's and babies' wear is also much reduced.

## Season 1923-24.

10 minutes from Monte Carlo.

## MENTONE

Opened October 1.

40 minutes from Nice.

### Winter Palace

On the Hill.

Unrivalled Views.  
Constant Sunshine.  
Last word in Comfort.

TENNIS. MUSIC.  
RESTAURANT.

Auto Bus Service to Casino  
and all Trains.

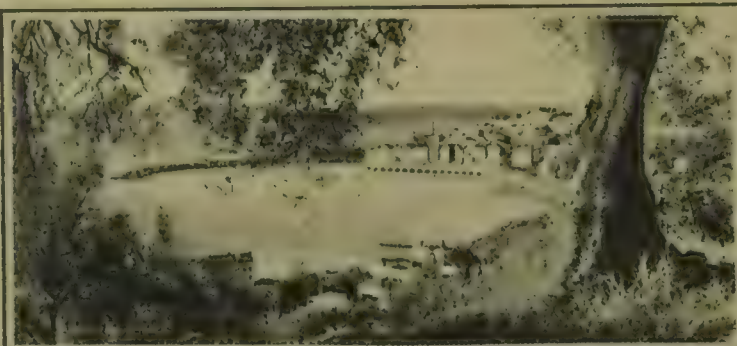
Paillard, M. Director.

### Fascinating Sea and Mountain Resort.

Endless Attractions.

Casino, Opera, etc. Best  
International Tennis. Golf.  
Enchanting Excursions.  
Finest Climate. Superior  
Hotels — see Situations.

For all Particulars apply to  
their respective Managers.



### Riviera Palace

On the Hill.

Splendid Views of Mountains  
and Sea. Vast Garden. Re-  
nowned Highest Class English  
Family Hotel — All latest  
Comforts.

RESTAURANT.

Auto Bus Service to Casino  
and all Trains.

Mme. Widmer, M. Prop.

### Orient & Angleterre—Central

In large Sunny Garden — full South. Modern. Spacious.  
One of Mentone's Finest Hotels. Sixty Suites, all Self-  
contained. Motor Car. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance.

Well-known Best class English Family Hotel.

### Hotel des Iles Britanniques. On Hill, but lower down

Excellent English Family Hotel—Redecorated.  
Large Garden. Full South.

TENNIS, RESTAURANT.

Modern and Very Comfortable Suites — Self-contained.

### Majestic—Central. Facing Public Gardens and Casino.

First-class Family Hotel. Running water throughout.  
30 Suites, all self-contained. Renowned Restaurant.  
Moderate Charges. Swiss Management.

Baeller & Cattani.

### Balmoral Sea Front Hotel.

ENLARGED & RENOVATED DURING SUMMER, 1923.  
Running Water (H. & C.) in all bed and dressing-rooms.  
Private Bath Rooms (self-contained). Dining Room facing  
Sea Front. Garden. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Rayon, M. Prop.

### Hotel des Anglais.

Open all the year.

Sea Front — Full South — Sunny Garden.

Entirely Renovated. Every Room has Running Water  
(Hot and Cold). 50 Private Bath Rooms.

Restaurant. Tennis. Garage.

### Hotel National. Above Town.

Long a Noted First-Class Family Hotel.

All Modern Comforts. Excellent Cooking. Fine Garden  
and Views.

Motor Service to and from Casino and Trains.

### Menton & Midi. CENTRAL SEA FRONT

Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated.  
Running Water (H. & C.). Suites redecorated. Renowned  
Cuisine and Attendance. Full South. Garden on Sea  
Front. Modern Comforts. Restaurant.

M. Proprietor: G. de Smet.

### Hotel de Venise, Central.

Of old Repute. 150 South Bedrooms. Water (H. & C.).  
40 Baths. Suites. Large Sunny Garden.

Noted Cuisine. Tariff on demand.

Residential English Hotel.

### Atlantic & Malte—Central.

Very Comfortable, yet Moderate. 100 South  
Rooms. Running Water. 30 Baths.  
Same Management.

Centre of Town in Pleasant Garden.

### Hotel Regina—Sea Front, near Casino

and Public Gardens. Running Water throughout. Private  
Bathrooms. Sunny Garden facing Sea front. Attractive  
Public Rooms. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Ulrich, M. Prop.

### Hotel des Ambassadeurs—Central

Renowned Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running  
Water. Many Private Bath Rooms. Every Room with  
Balcony. Full South. Garden situated in the pleasantest  
part of Mentone. Excellent Cooking. Moderate Terms.

A. Signis, M. Proprietor.

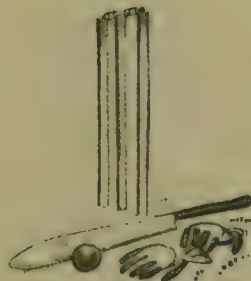
### Cecil—Sea Front.

Sunny & Sheltered.

GARAVAN BAY.

Small, up-to-date. The very best, yet moderate.





ENERGY to burn... enthusiasm... life just discovered... there is a possibility, though, that he may overdo it, slightly. He who drinks Horlick's as a habit, not only gathers reserves of energy for use to-morrow—he builds nerve, muscle and brain to serve him well when life grows sterner. Horlick's Malted Milk is the *original* combination of extracts of selected wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk. Have no other.



At all chemists', in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. A liberal free sample for trial sent, post free, for 3d. in stamps.  
Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

For children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.



## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

JOSEPH F. HUNTING (Secane).—Two movers may look easy, but they usually contain unsuspected traps, and these, we fear, you have fallen into with both Problems Nos. 3917 and 3918. Neither of our "suggestions" will solve them.

F. E. S. WATKINS (Woolwich).—We discovered, in proof, two other solutions of your problem, which could be simply rectified by the addition of a White Pawn at Q 5th. Having no time to communicate with you, we took the liberty of doing this. Your other two-mover is not attractive; the key is almost the only move White can make.

COLONEL GODFREY (Cheltenham).—Your solution of No. 3920 is a very good try, and nearly comes off, but Black's reply of Kt to K 5th stops everything.

HORACE E. McFARLAND (St. Louis).—It is true that the Committee of the London International Chess Congress of 1862 drew up a rule permitting the "dummy pawn" on the eighth square, and it meets with Steinitz's endorsement in his Chess Instructor; but it has never been officially recognised in tournament play. In the latest edition of Staunton's Handbook, revised to 1915, where is given "The British Chess Code," now universally adopted by all the chess clubs of Great Britain, by Rule 17, the exchange of the advanced pawn into a "Queen or any other Piece (of the same colour)" is made compulsory.

L. W. CAFFERATA (Farndon).—Thanks for your letter. There was nothing, however, intended in our reply to require any apology, we fully recognise that "sinners stand in slippery places."

C. MADGE (Dorking).—What you term a "transposition called Steinitz Defence," was a deliberate and reasoned choice of 3. P to Q 3rd by Steinitz against 3. Kt to K B 3rd in the opening you quote, which he rejects as an inferior reply. We have no space to discuss your suggestion at length, but have you considered the effect of 6. P to Q 5th?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3914 received from R. W. Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3917 from Horace E. McFarland (St. Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 3918 from D. P. Grannion (Athens); and of No. 3919 from R. B. Pearce (Happisburg), Dr. Antonio Rovere (Trieste), C. Nicholson (Bolton), A. Edmeston (Worsley), H. W. Satow (Bangor), H. Heshmont (Cairo), F. J. Falwell (Caterham), and E. M. Vicars (Norfolk).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3920 received from J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), H. Burgess (St. Leonards), F. J. Falwell (Caterham), H. W. Satow (Bangor), S. Caldwell (Hove), C. H. Watson (Masham), W. B. Sacret (East Cowes), J. J. Duckworth (Newton Willows), C. B. S. (Canterbury), L. W. Cafferata (Newark), R. B. N. (Tewkesbury), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), J. Hunter (Leicester), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham).

Following an old custom of this column at Christmas, we offer our solvers a box of bon-bons for their amusement during the holidays. We have made a selection of prize-winning two-movers during the past year, and here submit half-a-dozen for solution. Answers will be acknowledged for all or any.

1.—By S. BOURNE.—White—K at K 2nd, R's at K Kt 4th and Q B 5th, B's at K 3rd and Q R 4th, Kt's at K sq and Q Kt 6th, P's at K B 3rd and Q Kt 2nd. Black—K at Q Kt 5th, Q at K B 5th, R's at K R 4th and K R 5th, B's at K Kt 2nd and K B 4th, P's at K R 7th, K Kt 3rd, Q B 3rd, Q R 4th, and Q R 6th.

2.—By S. HOFFENREICH.—White—K at K R 4th, Q at K Kt 3rd, R's at K R 5th and K B 8th, B's at K R 6th and Q R 6th, Kt's at K B 5th and Q Kt 7th, P's at K B 2nd and Q B 6th, Q Kt 2nd, and Q Kt 3rd. Black—K at K 5th, Q at Q Kt 3rd, R's at Q Kt 4th and Q Kt 5th.

3.—By B. SOMMER.—White—K at K Kt sq, Q at Q B 2nd, R's at K 5th and Q Kt 7th, B's at K B 2nd and Q Kt 2nd, P's at K Kt 6th, Q B 6th, and Q Kt 5th. Black—K at Q 3rd, R at Q sq, Kt at K 3rd, P at Q 2nd.

4.—By E. LETZEN.—White—K at K R 6th, Q at Q B 4th, R's at K B sq and K 4th, Kt at K Kt 2nd, P's at K R 3rd and K Kt 5th. Black—K at K B 4th, Q at Q B 8th, R's at Q 4th and Q Kt 4th, B at K 8th, Kt's at K 7th and Q Kt 6th, P's at K B 2nd, K B 5th, and Q 3rd.

5.—By C. MANSFIELD.—White—K at K Kt 8th, Q at Q B 4th, R's at K Kt 3rd and K B sq, B at Q B 3rd, P's at K R 4th, K Kt 2nd, and K 5th. Black—K at K B 4th, B at K R 3rd, Kt's at K B 5th and K B 7th, P at K Kt 2nd.

6.—By A. ELLERMAN.—White—K at Q sq, Q at Q R 8th, R's at K 8th and Q 5th, B at K Kt 3rd, Kt's at K R 2nd and K B 5th, P at Q B 4th. Black—K at K 5th, R's at K Kt 2nd and K Kt 3rd, B at K 3rd, Kt's at K Kt 4th and K 2nd, P's at K Kt 5th, Q 7th, Q Kt 3rd, and Q R 4th.

In each case White is to play, and mate in two moves.

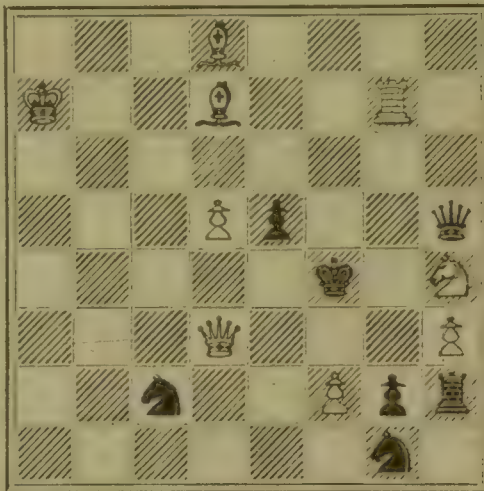
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3919.—By REV. NOEL BONAVIA HUNT, M.A.

WHITE  
1. Q to Q R sq  
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK  
Anything.

The key move here is rather too obviously conclusive. It does not leave room for speculative defences, and the imposing forces of Black have too little to do with the solution.

PROBLEM NO. 3921.—By F. E. S. WATKINS.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Glasgow in a simultaneous exhibition performance by M. ALECHINE. DR. FORRESTER conducted the Black pieces in this case.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (M. A.)	BLACK (Dr. F.)	WHITE (M. A.)	BLACK (Dr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Q to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. P takes Kt	B to R 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	11. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	12. P to K 6th	Q to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th	13. B takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	14. B to B 6th	(dis. ch.) Q takes Q
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th	15. P to K 7 (mate).	
8. P takes Kt	Kt takes P		

Brevities like this are rather to be enjoyed than criticised. If there were no mistakes, there would be no opportunity for this sort of play. Black departed from sound lines in the opening, and crowned his errors with his tenth move. This ought to have been B to K 2nd.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

EXPERIMENTS IN ENGLISH OPERA.

THE Royal College of Music has for many years trained singers for the operatic stage, and while Sir Hubert Parry was Director there used to be annual performances of classical operas by the students given in one of the West End theatres, generally the Lyceum. But in those days opera in English counted for very little in the musical world, and some musicians even wondered whether these students were not wasting their time in preparing operas when they had hardly any chance of making a really distinguished operatic career. Sir Charles Stanford, who was the inspiring force of these operatic classes, seemed to be leading a forlorn hope. The last few years have given all lovers of English opera cause to be grateful to him for his perseverance. When Sir Hugh Allen was appointed as Parry's successor, he saw at once that English opera was likely to develop into something of primary importance in English musical life, and he knew that it was the duty of the Royal College to take the lead in this new movement. Instead of continuing the operatic performances at a public theatre, he had an opera theatre built in the College itself as a memorial to Parry, and in a very short time that theatre became the focus of an army of young workers, not singers alone, but conductors, composers, stage directors, and designers of scenery. The College has even produced translators of librettos. Working on a comparatively small scale with purely local resources, it is now possible to produce in the Parry theatre not one big opera a year, but scenes from several in a term, and it has also been possible to try experiments in new styles which could never have been carried out under the old system.

At Sir Hugh Allen's invitation, various composers have been asked to write one-act operas for production at the College. Last year Dr. Vaughan Williams provided "The Delectable Mountains," a scene from "The Pilgrim's Progress"; and Dr. Charles Wood set a scene from "Pickwick." To my great regret, I was unable to be present at these performances owing to my absence abroad. Recently two new little operas were tried—another Dickens opera by Dr. Charles Wood, "The Family Party" (at Mr. Pecksniff's); and "The Blue Peter," a light opera with spoken dialogue and songs, the words by A. P. Herbert, and the music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. It is not my intention to criticise these works in detail. They are to be given again early in the New Year, and no doubt they will undergo much revision as well as further rehearsing before then. Both were decidedly experimental, and therein lies their chief value. Even had they both been

(Continued overleaf.)



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*Continued.*  
complete failures—which they certainly were not, to judge from the applause with which both were received—they would have served their purpose as demonstrations of new methods.

Now that we have got opera in English upon a fairly safe footing, certain principles are becoming evident to English musicians with regard to music and drama in combination on the English stage. We are no longer content with the old-fashioned translations of Italian and German operas. As long as the international season at Covent Garden dominated our operatic life, the idea of all English opera companies was to make English singing sound as much like Italian or German singing as possible. The result was that it was seldom possible for an audience to follow the words that were sung; because obviously, English, if it is sung correctly and naturally, cannot sound in the least like Italian or German. Real English opera need not necessarily be based upon English subjects, but it must certainly look at them from an English point of view, both in the words and in the music. This is largely a technical question; it means, generally speaking, that English syllables move more quickly than German or Italian, and that if English is to be correctly and naturally set to music, the musical phrases will have a quicker pace and a different shape as compared with the musical phrases of Verdi or Wagner. If an English composer sets out to imitate Verdi or Wagner, he may conceivably write quite good music, but the words of his opera, even if they were by Shakespeare himself, will not really sound like English.

Dr. Charles Wood has taken a chapter from "Martin Chuzzlewit" and turned it into an opera. Here is a delightfully English subject, and he has treated it with a very English sense of humour. Dr. Wood is known to the musical world mainly as the best living teacher of those dry subjects which all composers have to study, and which most students detest, unless they happen to be Dr. Wood's pupils. His opera showed how valuable a part of musical training they are. It had perhaps a little too strong a flavour of Wagner at certain times; perhaps these reminiscences were meant to be



AGENT-GENERAL FOR VICTORIA, 1904-13: THE LATE SIR JOHN TAVERNER.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



WANDSWORTH'S FIRST M.P.: THE LATE SIR HENRY KIMBER, AN EMINENT COMPANY LAWYER.

Sir John Taverner initiated the choice of Aldwych as a centre for the Dominion offices in London, and his was the first office built there. He also did much to foster emigration. In Victoria he had held several Ministerial posts.—Sir Henry Kimber sat for Wandsworth as a Conservative from 1885 to 1913. During his forty years as a solicitor he was concerned in several famous cases, including "the Balham Mystery" (the Bravo case). He was a successful organiser of many railway and other companies.—Dr. J. H. Jowett, when only 31, became pastor of the famous Carr's Lane Congregational Chapel, Birmingham. From 1911 to 1918 he was pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and after the war returned to England as minister of Westminster Chapel. [Photographs by Lafayette and Lizzie Caswall Smith.]



A GREAT NONCONFORMIST PREACHER WHO PROMOTED ANGLO-AMERICAN GOODWILL: THE LATE DR. JOWETT.

ironical, as they were mostly associated with Mr. Pecksniff. Dr. Wood was at his best when he had to deal with several voices. The little opera contains a very large number of singing parts, and the handling of complicated ensembles was masterly. It is quite a new idea to put Dickens on the operatic stage in this way, and Dr. Wood has shown that it can be made thoroughly effective.

"The Blue Peter" was in quite a different style. It was not musically continuous, but broken up into spoken dialogue and separate musical numbers. All light opera of this type, whether English, German, or French, is historically derived from "The Beggar's Opera." Mr. Armstrong Gibbs was faced with a new problem, for Mr. Herbert's libretto provided for songs hardly longer than those of "The Beggar's Opera," but demanded a more sophisticated setting. Something was required on a scale between that of "The Beggar's Opera" and the comic opera of Sullivan. Mr. Herbert's libretto tells in the most innocent manner a story which might almost have come from Boccaccio or Casti, but he sets it in the very respectable English environment of mediaeval Bristol. Mr. Gibbs' music reflected the "English" rather than the frivolous aspect of the story, and it was a little puzzling to understand how people who sang with so much respectability could behave as naughtily as they were supposed to be doing. In any opera it is always the music which sets the emotional atmosphere, and in this case it observed an almost Victorian propriety. None the less, it had considerable charm, and showed enough originality of style to arouse hopes for the future.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co. are the publishers of the well-known Onoto Diaries, which are always popular. Several new features have been embodied in the 1924 series, including a pocket inside the back cover for carrying visiting-cards and stamps. Other distinguishing marks of the Onoto Diaries are a two-colour index to months, an alphabetical index at the end for addresses, thin paper, an insurance coupon for £2000, and a coupon for a £100 prize competition.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Our Sportsmanlike Police! Generally speaking, the police are not bad sportsmen. In some notorious cases they seem to take a delight in harrying the motorist and are never better pleased than when setting traps on perfectly safe and open stretches of road. Mostly, however,

the motor-cycle patrols are intended to act in this way, but I have not seen that the facts of the case under discussion are disputed.

Lest the tactics in this case should become fashionable—in justice to the police generally, I do not think they will—it is as well to remind possible victims that the policeman in the case was quite *ultra vires* in demanding to see the offender's license, and the latter could legally have refused to produce it. The Motor Car Act clearly lays down that the license must be produced to a police officer in uniform if demanded. As, presumably, this officer was not in uniform, the victim need not have taken the slightest notice of his demand. Anyway, the whole thing seems so utterly at variance with all our ideas of fair-play that possibly the publicity accorded to the case may result in the questionable tactics of the Leicester policeman being ruled out by his superiors.

#### The Bean "Fourteen" and Six Brakes.

In view of the recent criticisms in the technical and lay Press regarding the legality of various systems of operating four-wheel brakes, it is interesting to learn from

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#### The Fusion Fiasco.

Unless I am very much mistaken, we are on the eve of some rather remarkable disclosures relating to the negotiations between the R.A.C. and the A.A., directed towards a fusion of interests and elimination of deplorable overlapping of activities, proved a fiasco. Both sides have been publicly challenged to state the reasons for the breakdown of these negotiations. They have held their peace. Now the same question is to be publicly asked in another quarter, and I am in the very best position to say that it will be answered in the fullest detail; also, the whole story of the two previous attempts to bring these bodies together. When these disclosures are made they will put the cat among the pigeons with a vengeance.

#### A New Australian Record.

Mr. Boyd Edkins, the well-known Australian motorist, has cabled news of a remarkable feat just achieved by a Vauxhall car in making the trans-continental journey from Fremantle to Sydney, a distance of 3000 miles, in 6 days 14 hours. This time is as much as 41 hours 24 minutes better than the



A METAL FLYING-BOAT DRIVEN BY A ROLLS-ROYCE "EAGLE" IX. AERO ENGINE: THE NEW FOKKER B. II., WITH A DURALUMIN HULL. M. Fokker, the famous Dutch aeroplane-designer, recently lectured in England, to the Institute of Aeronautical Engineers, on his method of metal construction. Flying-boats of the above type have been ordered by the Dutch Government for use in the Dutch East Indies. The Rolls-Royce "Eagle" IX. aero engine, chosen for its reliability, is an improvement on the famous "Eagle" VIII., which still remains the only type of air engine to have achieved a direct flight across the Atlantic.

they hate this kind of duty; and, though they have no option but to carry it out, their real sympathies are with the motorist. The limit of poor sportsmanship would appear to have been reached in the case at Leicester, where a motor-cycling policeman is alleged to have ranged up alongside a private rider, engaged him in conversation on the merits of their mounts, and, after provoking him into racing, disclosed his status and summoned the "offender," who was fined. Naturally, considerable indignation has been expressed, and the question is rightly being asked whether the police *agent provocateur* is to be tolerated in this supposedly democratic country. Of course, the police authorities of Leicester have denied that



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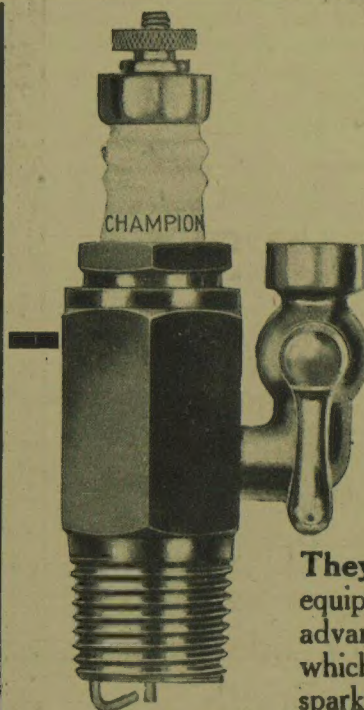
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## RADIO NOTES.

THIS Christmas period is notable for the fact that over half-a-million homes in Great Britain are equipped with radio-receivers. Solitary individuals and whole families in all parts of the land are being entertained daily by programmes of music, song, and speech. The popularity of broadcasting is shown by the crowds which are to be seen outside and inside every radio-shop. In the train, too, the topic of many of the passengers is "Wireless"—either in connection with receiving-sets and component parts, or with the broadcast programme of the previous evening. No fewer than ten periodicals devoted exclusively to radio or "wireless" are published weekly or monthly in London. In less than a year eight broadcasting stations have been put into service, and now most listeners with multi-valve sets may tune in any one of the stations as desired. Broadcasts transmitted from Paris and Brussels may be tuned in also, and the music and speech heard as clearly as are our own broadcasts. Radio progress during the present year has been so rapid that one wonders what the New Year has in store in the way of further developments of this fascinating subject.

The curious phenomenon known as "Fading," which occurs sometimes when listening to broadcasts from distant sources, has brought forth many theories as to its cause. Readers who have experienced this peculiarity during reception know that the incoming music or speech may be distinctly audible for a while, and then, after becoming weaker or going entirely, surge in afresh, but at considerably greater strength than when first heard. These fluctuations continue, even though the setting of the receiving-apparatus is left unaltered. It is curious, however, that during

those moments when the sounds have faded out completely, they may often be restored by a slight adjustment of a condenser or by moving the reaction coil a fraction of an inch nearer to the anode coil. The latest theory as to the cause of "fading" has been



### TRANSATLANTIC TESTS BY RADIO AMATEURS.

At the present time, British and American radio amateurs are conducting inter-communication tests with lower power transmitters. Our photograph shows Mr. Partridge—"2KF"—who has succeeded in exchanging messages with the Secretary of the American Radio Relay League.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

advanced by an official of the Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company, U.S.A., who states that most of the "fading" is due to changes in the strength of the

electrical power mains which provide current for the broadcast transmitter. Tests proved that a drop of only a quarter of a volt in the power main caused a large decrease in radiation. Small fluctuations in the power voltage would, therefore, cause fluctuations in the strength of the radio waves, with corresponding loss or gain of audibility at distant receiving-stations.

The subject of aerials is always of interest. Three are used by the writer—the first an outdoor aerial of two wires; the second an indoor aerial of ordinary electric-bell wire running from an upper room to the ground floor, the wire being in contact with the walls; and the third consisting of about thirty feet of bell wire hung along the walls near the ceiling of a small room at the top of the house, which is situated six miles from 2LO. Using either of the two indoor aerials, broadcasts from this station are received at good strength on a crystal set with three pairs of phones connected. A temporary aerial in a room on the ground floor, however, gave poor results, proving that height is an important factor for obtaining good reception.

The outdoor aerial is used with a multi-valve set for tuning in distant broadcasting stations, and for reception by loud-speaker. To obtain the fullest advantage of an outdoor aerial it is necessary to make the lead-in wire as short as possible. That is to say, if the lead-in comes through a window-frame, then the receiving-set should be placed adjacent to the window. If a long lead-in is run to a set situated halfway down the room, and the wire is in close proximity to the ceiling or walls, the incoming radio waves are "damped" and reception is weakened considerably. On the other hand, long wires may be run from the receiving-set to telephones or to a loud-speaker in any other room in the house without appreciable loss of reception strength.

W. H. S.

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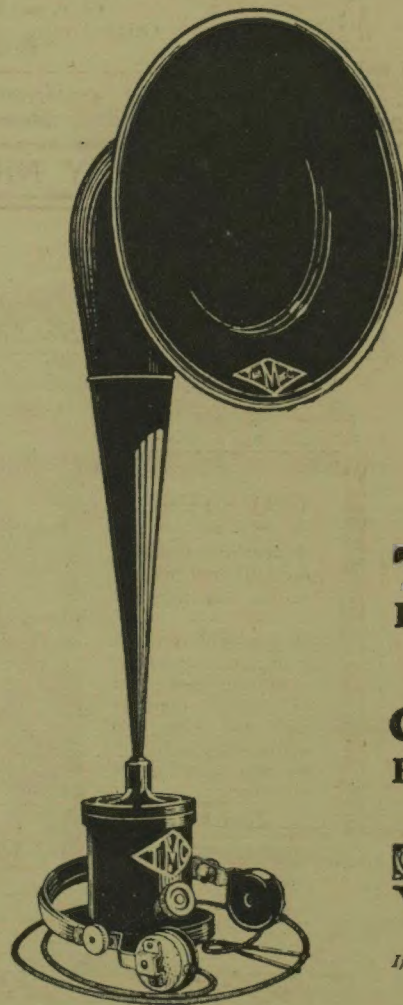
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